

The Listener

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CHRISTMAS BOOK NUMBER

Reviews by J. D. Bernal, J. R. Ackerley, Pamela Hansford Johnson, Nikolaus Pevsner, William Plomer, Richard Church, John Wyndham, Anthony Crosland, Roger Fulford, G. R. Elton, Alec Vidler, Graham Hough, Francis Watson, and Jennifer Bourdillon

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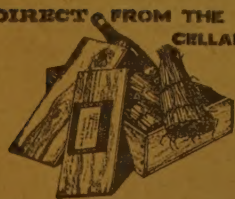
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American Trade Unions under Scrutiny

By BEN ROBERTS

THERE is little doubt in both Britain and America that the trade unions have lost a considerable amount of the public sympathy they had previously earned. A few months ago, the Assistant General Secretary of the Trades Union Congress, Mr. George Woodcock, in a talk on this programme*, found the explanation of this change in Britain mainly in the growth of unofficial disputes, demarcation struggles, noisy demonstrations by trade unionists on strike, and the closed shop. To this list we might have added the political opinions expressed by some union leaders, the violation of members' rights by political fanatics, and the hounding by local tyrants of members who do not wish to toe their line.

In the United States a more violent spate of criticism has been provoked by the disquieting revelations during the past few years of Congressional investigations, academic students, and the press. Inquiries conducted by Senate Committees have prominently advertised the fact that the officials of some unions have illegally helped themselves on a grand scale to the funds of their organization. In certain cases, unions have allowed well-known gangsters to infiltrate into high offices and these criminal elements have plundered union treasuries and engaged in a whole range of nefarious practices. Democratic procedures have frequently been flouted and in some unions any opposition to the leaders has been dealt with in a summary fashion. There have been cases of refusal to hold elections and conferences; illegal interference with the right of members to vote; the creation of phoney local unions

so as to ensure that the incumbent leadership would have enough votes to hold on to office.

If the social factors have been different, the economic context of trade unionism has been very similar in recent years in both Britain and the United States. Unions have been held responsible to a large degree for the inflationary rise in prices which has occurred in both countries. Labour organizations naturally deny vigorously that they have been the main cause of inflation and they have found some academic support, but owing to their generally aggressive behaviour in collective bargaining appearances have gone against them. But perhaps the single most important factor in the shift in public opinion towards labour unions in the United States has been the rise to power of Mr. James Hoffa, the leader of America's largest union, the Teamsters. As a result of the accumulation of evidence by the Senate Committee and assiduous newspapermen, Mr. Hoffa has now become perhaps the most notorious individual in America.

What, in particular, has made many Americans angry, but at the same time grudgingly admire Mr. Hoffa, is the contempt which this tough, pugnacious, ex-truck-driver has shown for Congress and the courts. All attempts to remove Mr. Hoffa have so far failed. He has undoubtedly the support of a large proportion of his members, who answer criticisms of their leader by pointing to the simple fact that since Mr. Hoffa has been boss of the union the wages of truck-drivers, warehousemen and other categories organized by the Teamsters have been pushed up by

substantial amounts. There is opposition to Mr. Hoffa within his union, but so long as he maintains control of the administrative machine there is little chance of electing a new leader free from the taint of corruption.

The Legislature and the Unions

In this country public policy has been able to follow the principle, so far as trade unions are concerned, of regarding them as voluntary associations to be interfered with by the law to the minimum extent, though the realities of trade-union power have compelled the English courts to modify this policy during recent years. However, in the United States the legislature has played a far greater role in the affairs of trade unions than in Britain; it was not, therefore, surprising that Congress should feel it necessary to pass new legislation that would enable the Government to regulate the affairs of the unions more closely than in the past.

The American Federation of Labour and Congress of Industrial Organizations, which had expelled the Teamsters until such time as Mr. Hoffa cleaned house, was most alarmed at this prospect, since they believed that it was unfair to tar the whole union world with the same brush. Most unions, they insisted, were properly conducted and honestly led. Congressional investigations had uncovered corruption in only some half a dozen unions. In three of these cases firm action by the A.F.L.-C.I.O. had resulted either in the elimination of the criminal elements or in the formation of a new organization. Only in the case of the Teamsters had there been no visible signs of improvement.

Unfortunately for the A.F.L.-C.I.O., the expelled Teamsters' Union, with 1,000,000 members and potentially many more, was large enough to stand on its own feet and to cock a snook at the ethical practices committee of the Federation. The A.F.L.-C.I.O. was well aware that the task of ridding an organization as powerful as the Teamsters of leaders like Mr. Hoffa was beyond its powers, and could be achieved only with the assistance of government agencies and the courts. But the A.F.L.-C.I.O. was reluctant to admit the necessity of any new legislation; though eventually it did concede that some changes in the law might be desirable. It was, however, adamantly opposed to many of the proposals embodied in the various bills brought before Congress, since it believed they were likely to place even well-administered unions in jeopardy. What especially aroused the ire of the union leaders was the feeling that they were being singled out as the main culprits in a situation for which employers were at least as much to blame. The evidence showed that a number of employers were prepared to offer bribes, pay 'kickbacks', and provide through intermediaries lavish expenditures for the purpose of corrupting and suborning union officials.

The Bill which finally passed the Senate by 90 votes to 1 was thought by many respectable trade unionists to go far beyond what was acceptable, but the President and the Republican Party thought that it did not go far enough. It was felt by the Republicans and most business men that the power of the unions to impose a secondary boycott, and to compel an employer to recognize a particular union by picketing his premises and stopping his supplies, constituted an unfair exercise of bargaining strength. The House of Representatives reflected these anxieties and the Bill which was eventually adopted by both houses included a section to amend the law in these respects.

A Severe Defeat

The Labour-Management Reporting and Disclosure Act was, therefore, a severe defeat for the trade unions. Its passing was made even more bitter, since the elections of 1958 had seemed to be a tremendous victory for organized labour. Many diehard anti-union Republicans had been defeated, including the Senator who had inherited Senator Taft's mantle, and anti-union right-to-work laws had been rejected in five out of six States.

The fact that Congress, and a relatively liberal Congress at that, was prepared to pass a Labour Bill that would impose new limitations on the freedom of the unions, in spite of the bitter opposition of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., is evidence of the change that has occurred in the status of the unions in the United States over the post-war years. Congress, through the National Labour Relations Act, had in 1935 given the unions protection from attempts by employers to undermine them; this Act gave the

unions the power to compel employers to recognize and bargain with them; it made any attempt by an employer to influence his workers not to join a union, unfair labour practice and subject to legal penalty.

The notion underlying the National Labour Relations Act was that strong unionism would prove an essential countervailing force to that of the business element that dominated the American economy. The belief was widespread that business had become too big, too powerful, and, through its wanton disregard for the public interest, had plunged the United States into the worst depression of modern times.

By the end of the war the American labour movement had more than trebled its size, but Mr. John L. Lewis, leader of the Mineworkers' Union, had outraged public opinion which considered that he had put the interest of his members before that of the nation in calling strikes during the war. After the Republican victory in the congressional elections of 1946, Congress, under the leadership of Senator Taft, carried a new Labour Act which symbolized a change in attitude of the legislature towards industrial relations. Congress no longer felt that it was necessary to continue to give the trade unions the extremely privileged position which they had enjoyed under the National Labour Relations Act. The Taft-Hartley Act, carried by Congress over President Truman's veto, was designed to establish a situation in which bargaining power would be more nearly equal.

Slave Labour Law

The unions hailed the Taft-Hartley Act as a slave labour law and they did their utmost to secure the defeat of its principal architect, Senator Taft, in the re-election to the Senate which he had to face in 1950. This campaign to unseat Senator Taft was a complete failure, and the unions gradually came to recognize that the Taft-Hartley Act was not so bad as they had originally believed. Any hopes the unions had of persuading a Democratic Congress to introduce amending legislation were largely destroyed when Mr. Eisenhower won the Presidency in 1952. The Democrats have since secured control of both Houses of Congress, but the unions have not been able to persuade either the Senate or the House of Representatives that anything of major significance is wrong with the Taft-Hartley Act.

The new Act is a bold attempt to remedy what by general consent are the principal weaknesses in the conduct of trade-union affairs. In providing for a radical extension of the legal authority of the Secretary of Labour and the courts over the activities of the unions, the Act merely follows the logic implicit in the National Labour Relations Act, namely that the Government, having fostered the growth of trade unions as a deliberate act of public policy, must now ensure that they are conducted in a manner that is compatible with the protected status that they enjoy.

The Act lays down a standard of democratic behaviour that every union officer must accept under penalty of fine or imprisonment. In its first section, headed Bill of Rights of Members of Labour Organizations, the principle is established that every member of a labour organization shall have equal rights and privileges to nominate candidates, to vote in elections or referendums, to attend membership meetings, and to participate in the deliberations and voting upon the business of such meetings. No labour organization is henceforth allowed to limit the right of any member or institute an action in any court to obtain redress against the union. Nor may any member of a union be fined, suspended, expelled or otherwise disciplined, except for non-payment of dues, unless he has been (a) served with a written notice of the charges, (b) given reasonable time to prepare his defence, and (c) afforded a full and fair hearing. Any constitutional provision made by a union which is inconsistent with these objectives will in future be without legal force.

Under the new measure unions are required to elect their national officers at least twice every five years and local officers every three years. The method of election must be by direct secret ballot, or, if the election takes place at a conference, the delegate must be chosen by secret ballot. The law states that all members who are in good standing must be allowed to run for office and to exercise the right to vote.

(concluded on page 985)

Piccadilly Circus and All That

By J. M. RICHARDS

THE alarm that has been expressed about the new building designed for the north side of Piccadilly Circus is not surprising. The pictures the proprietors of it have published show a crude rectangular block rising above a badly proportioned base unrelated to it, and both are treated in the most commonplace style. The illuminated signs, which are part of the traditional character of the Circus and which everyone wants to keep, are allowed for, but in the stodgiest and most unimaginative way. There are many other buildings going up in London as bad as this, but the importance of the site, and the part that Piccadilly Circus plays in the life of London, make it necessary not only to oppose the project strongly but to look into the whole question of how London comes to be threatened with such poor quality architecture.

But first to summarize briefly the present position: the London County Council has given general approval to this miserable design, subject to its wishes being met over certain details like the external walling materials, and to the base of the building being altered. This last condition followed criticisms made by the Royal Fine Art Commission when the London County Council asked its views. The Commission made other criticisms too but these the L.C.C. decided to ignore. It withheld final consent only while some questions relating to car-parking were settled. The building was going ahead on that basis when



Sketch of the proposed new building on the north side of Piccadilly Circus, published by the proprietors: the rotating crane on the roof was not in the version submitted to the L.C.C.

the recent fuss was made in Parliament and Mr. Brooke, the Minister of Housing and Local Government, agreed to intervene. He has not revoked the London County Council's consent, which

he had power to do. He has simply set up an inquiry. So this battle for better architecture is by no means won. The result of the inquiry will be of enormous importance because the building is only the first instalment of a rebuilding process that is going to change the whole appearance of Piccadilly Circus in the next few years. This makes it essential that the future Circus should not only be designed well but designed as a whole. Otherwise it will just be a mess, as well as missing all sorts of exciting opportunities that now offer themselves.

The inquiry is also important because what has been happening in Piccadilly illuminates the whole process by which English cities become burdened with so many disappointing plans and so many bad buildings. The story begins just over a year ago when the L.C.C. came out with a scheme for the long-term replanning of the whole of Piccadilly Circus. In doing this it was being commendably far-sighted. The L.C.C. had realized that leases were falling in all round the Circus, and that most of it was soon going to be rebuilt in one way or another. What more sensible than to get out a plan, hoping that this would encourage rebuilding in a comprehensive, instead of a piecemeal, way?

Although the L.C.C. plan was not without faults, it was an enlightened one on the whole, and it introduced some valuable basic ideas; for example, the need to cater for people just walking about, since Piccadilly Circus is a focal point for Londoners as well as a mere traffic intersection. The plan gave pedestrians their own upper-level circulation, with shops and cafés opening off it. It also tackled the road



The redevelopment plan for Piccadilly Circus made by L.C.C. architects in October 1958, showing the first-floor-level pedestrian bridges and the pedestrian area in front of the Criterion block

traffic problem in a more imaginative way than traffic-engineers usually do, by taking all west-bound traffic along a widened Jermyn Street. The Criterion block between Jermyn Street and the Circus would become an island within the traffic roundabout, and its pavement would join up with the pavement on which Eros stands. This opened up exciting possibilities in the way of pedestrian promenading space and pavement cafés and the like.

This plan, it should be made clear, was put out by the L.C.C. architects, whose work all over London is so widely admired. But they are only the technical advisers to the L.C.C. as a body, and the feasibility of the plan depended on the L.C.C.'s own willingness to treat the whole Piccadilly Circus area as an area of comprehensive development, which would almost certainly have meant the Council acquiring the land. Soon after the plan was published the Council decided it was unwilling—or unable—to find the money to do so, and the rebuilding, in its successive stages, was therefore left to private enterprise.

What Seems to me Wrong

The first site due to be rebuilt, and the one that the fuss is being made about, is that on the north side. It is being developed by a property company of which the chairman is a Birmingham financier, Mr. Jack Cotton, and by the Legal and General Assurance Company. They have been buying up leases over several years until they now control virtually the whole island site. Now here comes an unfortunate thing. Mr. Jack Cotton is also the senior partner of the firm of architects who have designed the building. He is not himself an architect at all, but his firm—Cotton, Ballard and Blow—can practise as architects because one partner, Mr. Blow, has architectural qualifications, though even he is not a member of the R.I.B.A.

It seems to me all wrong that the architecture of a building—especially so important a building as this—should be in the hands of a firm whose chief interest in the project is financial. This is something the Architects' Registration Council should surely look into, because it is liable to undermine the objectivity which the architect as a professional man should always possess. He should be in a position to help his client make responsible architectural decisions even when they may seem to conflict with the client's own interests, financial or otherwise.

So alarm at the very poor quality of the building proposed is reinforced by concern that a site of so much importance to London should be designed as part of a development process wholly dictated by financial considerations. It is true that, under pressure from the Royal Fine Art Commission, the L.C.C. has insisted on Messrs. Cotton, Ballard and Blow bringing in another firm of architects as consultants. A partner in this firm, Mr. W. F. Booth, is to be in charge of the detailed working out of the design; no doubt he may make some improvements. But it must be said emphatically that one cannot create good architecture by tinkering with something that is basically second-rate.

Besides, the faults are not only architectural. There are planning faults, too. For example, only fifteen feet of pavement are left between the proposed building and the traffic thundering past it: not nearly enough for such a crowded area, but the L.C.C. would have had to buy the land to widen it. Yet it is not only a question of money, either. The L.C.C. is the planning authority, and it has wide powers of control even when it has decided to leave a development to private investors. Admittedly it is always in a difficult position, because although its powers allow it to reject designs it does not think suitable, it also has a duty to encourage new building and is the first to be blamed if sites, especially sites of a high rateable value, remain vacant too long. Then it finds that its use of planning powers in the interest of better building is condemned by some people as nothing but bureaucratic red tape. Nevertheless it could have exercised its powers much more firmly in this case.

That is one reason why the Minister's intervention was urgently required. We now look to his inquiry to produce two results: first, a new design for the north side of the Circus, by a first-rate architect and worked out with the future development of the rest of the Circus in mind, even if this interferes with some of the financial profitability of the project; and, secondly, a plan for the rest of the Circus to which all future building will be compelled

to conform. One or both of these requirements might involve the Government in financing the development itself, as the only way of exercising the necessary control. If so, I am sure that in the long run it would be public money well spent. After all, if it was not a good investment Mr. Jack Cotton would not be risking his own money.

The inquiry is to start soon, and rightly, because there is not much time to be lost in getting the whole future of the Circus planned. J. Lyons and Co. have acquired most of the triangular site further east, between Shaftesbury Avenue and Coventry Street, and will be wanting to redevelop this. Here again the question of architectural quality will come up. A small part of this site is owned by someone else, who has already put in an application for redevelopment to the L.C.C., but it has rightly been refused because of the importance of treating the site as a whole. If Lyons and the other owner come to some agreement, the L.C.C. will be confronted with another application that will put it in the same difficulty it is in at present.

In a few years' time the same thing will happen on the south side of the Circus—in fact the only part due to remain is the west side, where Piccadilly, Regent Street, and Lower Regent Street meet, and where Sir Reginald Blomfield a generation ago began the process of turning what was once geometrically a circus into a square. One other block of buildings fronts on to the Circus: the island site occupied by the London Pavilion. This the L.C.C. acquired with great foresight during the war, and when the present tenancy ends in 1965 it intends to pull it down, and, in spite of the great value of the land, throw it into the Circus as a contribution to its wholesale replanning. The freeing of this site is in fact the key to the re-routing of traffic that the L.C.C. is proposing.

So the L.C.C. has made efforts to look ahead, and may yet do so successfully if the Government finds a way of helping it out of its present impasse. In fact the L.C.C. has one or two really intelligent ideas still up its sleeve. One is the idea of enlarging the present underground booking-hall to create a vast below-street-level shopping piazza, which would also let people move across the Circus free from the dangers of the traffic whirling round the streets. No difficulties of site ownership stand in the way of creating such a piazza. One main sewer would have to be diverted, that is all.

If something like this could be achieved it would make Piccadilly Circus for the first time the lively centre of the West End, dedicated to people on foot, that it has been trying to be for a long time but which the increasing domination of traffic has prevented—witness the pathetic gathering of Londoners and visitors every fine evening marooned on the steps of Eros. People could meet each other and stroll about, look at the shops, and admire the glittering lights, lured there by the appeal of Piccadilly—unlike the traffic which is there because it is on the way to somewhere else.

Social Focus

But this will not alone re-create the Circus as a social focus. We must not think of solving the problem simply by driving the pedestrian underground. We must not allow the traffic engineers to take charge. The Circus must be visibly a centre, with lights and movement and room to stand and stare. The basis for all this must be good planning and good architecture. Perhaps it is still not too optimistic to hope for the lot.

To come back to reality, the danger at present is not that we shall not grasp all the opportunities offered, but that we shall grasp none of them, and find ourselves saddled with nothing better than an unrelated sequence of second-rate commercial buildings. The controversy of the last few weeks has brought home to us how far we are from having positive planning in our cities in spite of the powers given to the L.C.C.

Although the whole story is a depressing one, it has at least made many people realize how wrong it is that we should have to wait for a speculator to propose something clearly undesirable before we start thinking at a high enough level about what ought to be done. And it will cheer us all up if, for the first time in history, such an inquiry results in an important new building being stopped simply because of its bad architecture.

—Third Programme

Talking to the Russians—II

SIR WILLIAM HAYTER on the German problem

Sir William Hayter, who was formerly British Ambassador in Moscow and is now Warden of New College, Oxford, has recently broadcast four talks in the Russian Service of the B.B.C. of which this was the second

IN my first talk* I spoke about Anglo-Soviet relations in general terms. Now I propose to deal with two more specific problems that affect those relations, the problem of Germany and the problem of disarmament. Here it is impossible to separate British policy from the policy of Great Britain's allies. There are nuances of difference among the Western Powers on these questions but these nuances do not affect their general agreement on the main principles. One other preliminary point, of a personal kind. For most of my life, until a year ago, I was in the service of the British Government. But a year ago I resigned. So I speak now without inside knowledge of official policy, and what I say is not an official view.

To come then to the problem of Germany. This is, in spite of all the complications, essentially an easy problem to state, though a difficult one to solve. It is a problem about German reunification. This is what makes it acute, and why there is a German problem in a sense that there is not, say, an Italian problem or a Rumanian problem. I know that many people, overtly or covertly, are opposed to German reunification. And when we remember what the peoples of Europe, and especially the Soviet people, have suffered from a unified Germany in the past, this belief that Germany is perhaps better divided is not entirely unnatural. But I am convinced that it is a mistaken belief. As long as this unnatural division remains in the heart of Europe stable conditions and real peace cannot be created there; and a genuine danger of war will always exist.

Two Governments—One State

Why, then, does German reunification not take place? Here again the answer is simple, and must be bluntly stated. It does not take place because the Soviet Government will not allow it to take place. The Soviet Government maintains that there are now two German Governments and two German states, and that the matter must be left to them. Soviet spokesmen are never tired of saying that this is a fact, that life itself has decided this question, and so on. But strangely enough this is not a fact, only a façade. There are not two German states, nor two German Governments. There is one German Government in Bonn, which is the freely elected democratic Government of perhaps three-quarters of the German population. The rest of the German population is governed, to speak frankly, not by a German Government of any kind but by authorities imposed and maintained in power against the will of the population, by foreign military force.

This military force will not permit the Germans under its indirect rule to unite with the rest of Germany because it knows that if it did so the agents through which it exercises its power, the present East German authorities, would at once be swept away, not by the Bonn Government but by the people of East Germany themselves. The Soviet Government does not trust the people of East Germany, and so it has to prevent German reunification in spite of the danger to peace which German division involves. No one can force the Soviet Government to abandon this dangerous policy if it does not wish to do so. But the Western Governments can never give up trying to persuade the Soviet Government of its error in this field. They and the Soviet Government must meanwhile do their best to minimize the dangers of the continued division.

One of the biggest of these dangers lies in the anomalous position of Berlin. This is a danger that would disappear automatically if Germany were reunified; but until that happens it will continue to be a danger to peace. It is not the case that the situation in Berlin is nothing but a remnant of the war. The real

fact is that the people of West Berlin have chosen a certain way of life, and they do not believe, nor can they be reassured by mere words, that this way of life would be safe from attack from outside unless the Western military forces remain in Berlin. The right of these forces to be there is legally inexpugnable: it rests on agreements signed by the Soviet Government as well as others; and it is perfectly clear that the Western Governments intend to maintain their legal rights by all means in their power. It would be rash to base policy on any other assumption. If this is accepted some of the worst consequences of Soviet policy in Germany may be averted.

The question of disarmament, though fantastically complicated in detail, is fairly simple in principle. It all comes down to the question of control. The Soviet Government, no doubt, would not trust the Western Governments to carry out real disarmament if they could evade it, but it believes that owing to their lax security standards it would not be difficult to know if they were evading it or not. But the Soviet Government's system of security is infinitely tighter than that of the West, and the Western Governments would therefore never know whether the Soviet Government was carrying out its obligations to disarm unless a really efficacious and all-seeing control system with real rights to go everywhere were installed on Soviet territory (the Western Powers would of course have to accept such a system in their own territories too). I know that the Soviet Government has accepted the principle of control. But it is not the principle of control that matters, it is the practice.

Disarmament negotiations cannot succeed, will never succeed, unless and until a real, concrete, detailed control system is agreed upon and begins to work. It will be interesting to see how the Soviet Government envisages control under the proposals for total disarmament made by Mr. Khrushchev at New York. One of the chief arguments used by Soviet spokesmen against control is that it is military espionage, an attempt to find out military secrets. But if there is total disarmament there can be no military secrets, and therefore no objection to thorough-going control, to the free admission of control agents to go everywhere in Soviet territory (and in Western territory). For there should then be nothing to hide. This will be a clear test of sincerity.

Unnecessary Burden

It is much to be hoped that the forthcoming negotiations will succeed. It is not necessary to repeat what a danger the world's present armaments involve for its population. The miscalculation of a few men could leave this planet a desert. And even while the worst does not come, the world is wasting an immense proportion of its productive capacity on useless, dangerous armaments, and so depriving itself unnecessarily of advances in its standard of living. It is a mistake to believe that capitalists oppose disarmament because it might deprive them of profit. Disarmament might cause some temporary economic dislocation in the West, and perhaps even in the Soviet Union. But the capitalist state whose economy has made the most rapid progress since the war is Federal Germany, chiefly because in its early days it had no armed forces, and its business circles and government departments opposed rearmament stubbornly for this very reason. The capitalist states of the West, with their advanced economies and high standards of living, could easily absorb in useful production the capacity now wasted on armaments. They long to do this, but fear to because they feel their security menaced. Only an effective control system can lay this fear, and free both sides from this unnecessary and dangerous burden.

Negotiations on these great topics are about to begin. It is the duty of all the peoples in all the countries to do everything they can to see that their own governments carry these negotiations sincerely on to a successful conclusion.

The Listener

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The Use of Books

WHEN Dr. H. A. L. Fisher was Warden of New College, Oxford, he used to tell the Freshmen when he first met them that one of the things they ought to do was to start collecting a library. His advice was sound. Many students do it and continue. That is why the famous bookshops in university towns have clients who go on ordering books from them long after university days are over. When we are young and before we have acquired wastefully extravagant habits or assumed family responsibilities, we should be able to afford the nucleus of a library and then we find it becomes a treasure for life. For others 'a collection of books is the best of all universities'. Three of the most distinguished journalists of our time, none of whom went to a university, taught themselves and mastered the mysteries of literature and the arts by no other means than voracious reading. Books should be bought; they are no extravagance; and indeed in spite of colossal rises in the costs of paper and printing since before the war, the price of books has not risen proportionately with that of many luxuries and most necessities.

But some books need to be borrowed: first, because there is limitation on the space that most people possess to keep or store their library; secondly, some works of reference are only occasionally needed; thirdly, books used for research into a particular subject may be required once only. Hence the value of our public libraries, but very few such libraries allow important or expensive books to be taken home for study for any length of time. It is here that the London Library, which has been in the news lately, performs such a useful service. Thomas Carlyle, who founded the Library, said in what is believed to be his one and only public speech: 'A book is a kind of thing that requires a man to be self-collected. He must be alone with it. A good book is the purest essence of a human soul. How could a man take it into a crowd, with bustle of all sorts going on around him?' Therefore the Library was founded in 1841 to enable subscribers to borrow a large number of books at a time and take them home to read and study.

The Library is now in difficulties because of a vast and unexpected demand for rates, and it has been obliged to ask for voluntary gifts of money from individuals to get it out of its difficulties. It has a debt of £20,000 in addition to a large annual increase in its running costs. It cannot at present appeal to foundations, as it is not a charity. Fortunately it is in a position to cope with many new members and has been able to appeal to the generosity of publishers. By such means it hopes to overcome its immediate troubles. It is unthinkable that this historic institution, invaluable both to young students and learned men, to journalists and to orators, should close—and it has no intention of doing so. But those who use books and love books ought to give it all support in their power. For it is no mere private metropolitan institution, but is famed throughout the world. It is not too much to say that without it many fine books would never have been written at all. Most readers of our Christmas Book Number will recognize and appreciate this, and no doubt act accordingly.

What They Are Saying

The Soviet state and the sects

THE SOVIET RADIO for home listeners has been broadcasting a great many talks and articles attacking religious sects. Moscow in German, for Germans in the Soviet Union, transmitted an article from *Izvestia* describing the interrogation of a Seventh Day Adventist, Derevitsky, by officials of a city soviet. The article explained that Derevitsky was a presbyter of the sect, who considered it 'absurd to do any work', advocated refusal to serve in the Russian Army, and had 'an entire house to himself in Maxim Gorky Street'. In the course of the interrogation Derevitsky was reported to have said that he subsisted on donations from 'the faithful' who had 'taken over the care of his body'. He received 500 roubles monthly from them. The interrogators, according to the article, challenged him on this. Derevitsky had told them that his sect numbered about thirty-five people, and the interrogators accused him of falsely stating his position: since each person in his sect gave him one tenth of his or her income he must, they said, be getting 2,000 to 3,000 roubles a month. Derevitsky cut in: 'That's your calculation, not mine. There are also people in this sect who do not work at all, including a widow who gets a pension for the children'. An interrogator then asked him whether he accepted money from her too, and he was reported to have replied in the affirmative.

The Seventh Day Adventist was stated to have said that during the war he had been sentenced 'for treason against the Fatherland'. He had been impressed by the Germans into the Vlasov Army. One of his questioners corrected Derevitsky and declared that he had 'enlisted voluntarily and been rewarded by Hitler with a bronze medal'. The *Izvestia* article went on to say that Derevitsky had been 'amnestied by the humane Soviet State after serving less than a quarter of his sentence'. The article as broadcast concluded: 'The mask of the adventist enables this man to continue in peacetime the sinister work for which he had once put on the fascist uniform'.

A Moscow home service transmission described the case of a Baptist's daughter, Maria Friesen, who, under the influence of a Komsomol branch secretary, had 'gradually cleared her mind of the fog of religion'. The broadcast described how Maria's original joy after joining the Young Pioneers had met with 'severe reproof' from her father who had called upon her to 'renounce the joys of this life'; and how, for her baptism, this girl Maria, dressed in a rough white tunic, had 'stood on the banks of a weed-infested, dirty pond, trembling with cold and shame'. The broadcast went on:

With every passing day she came to realize better the true nature of the sect's members. . . . The morality of the preacher and presbyters, permeated with sanctimoniousness and hypocrisy, did not stand up to the test of life. . . . The members lived an isolated existence. They were forbidden to visit cinemas, theatres, lectures, and to take part in public work. If a rank-and-file member disobeyed a command, he was severely punished; on the other hand, much that the leaders did went unpunished. Maria recalled that her father had a mistress in a neighbouring village who had a child by him, and had lived the life of a spendthrift.

A very different note was struck by a Russian art expert commenting in English, for United Kingdom listeners, on the British Council Book Exhibition in Moscow. The expert said he had found the fiction section 'absolutely fascinating'. On the subject of illustrations ('a speciality of mine') and design, the Russian expert made the following observations:

I couldn't help thinking that perhaps there is too much restraint and tradition. Soviet books are now published in jackets and covers which are designed more explicitly, dynamically, and with more of a modern touch, than British books. The impression was that the only big series of illustrations of a modern artist in the books on show were those of Robin Jacques in *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* by James Joyce, and I thought that the illustrations were a bit frivolous for a book by such a writer as James Joyce.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service
DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

INTO THIN AIR?

'WEST OF THE ROCKIES in the wild, stony deserts, where the States of Colorado and Utah meet those of Arizona and New Mexico, American archaeologists are working on a historical mystery', said CHRISTOPHER SERPELL, B.B.C. correspondent in Washington, speaking in 'Today'. 'This is the enchanted land of mesas and canyons, of high, flat-topped tablelands, and deep, water-worn ravines cutting down into the plain—the land which is so often a background to films about cowboys and Indians. But the story the archaeologists are working on is a stranger one, a story of real events that happened before the dawn of history in North America, as we from Europe know it. These events happened to a native American people who lived in this area between A.D. 600 and 1300.

'About the time when St. Augustine was converting our forefathers to Christianity, an apparently peaceful race of Indians was living on the plains of the mesa country in small farming communities. The seeds and the bones they left behind them show that their basic diet was beans, Indian corn, and squash—a sort of marrow—and the flesh of the animals they hunted.

'During the next 500 years, for some unknown reason, these Indians made a gradual but steady retreat away from the lowlands on to the flat tops of the mesas, which rise like towers of stone out of the plain. There they built large, fortified villages from which they came down to carry on their farming on the low ground. But about A.D. 1100—just as the Normans were completing their conquest of Britain—these Indians once again changed their way of life. The fortified villages on the mesa tops were abandoned, and the Indians moved into deep caves in the walls of the canyons below the level of the plain. In less than 200 years the high places were left empty and at least 800 cave-villages had been laboriously constructed in the canyon walls. Then, early in A.D. 1300—about the time when Edward II came to the throne in England, and about 200 years before Columbus came to America—everything stopped. The cave-villages were abandoned in their turn. The intricate nests of cave-dwellings were left intact, showing no visible sign of war or disaster, and with many relics of their former inhabitants lying about. The archaeologists now investigating these villages and their burying-places are trying to find out what it was, to begin with, that chased these people off the level plain and on to the top of the mesas, and then down into the canyons and the caves, and, finally, as it seems, into thin air'.

HOUSEKEEPING IN PARIS

'One of the first shocks one gets when setting up house here in Paris', said LESLIE KEATING in 'Woman's Hour', 'is the discovery that one's milk is not delivered. As one is walking home from the shops (and I must admit that wherever one happens to live, they never seem more than a minute or two away) and as one's arm pulls out of its shoulder joint with the weight of two or three bottles of milk in addition to the potatoes and the rest, one looks back with nostalgia on the happy English system, which



Ancient cliff dwellings in the Mesa Verde National Park, Colorado

we take so much for granted, of putting a hastily scrawled note into the empty bottle on the doorstep and finding the required amount waiting there in the morning.

'After the milk shock, I have found all other shocks pleasant. It is fun to buy meat, and much easier than in England. It is a pleasure, even, to look at the butcher's shop. Little pink carcasses will be laid, or hung, in rows, and what are considered, shall I say, fitting parts of the anatomy are decorated with geraniums and parsley. The butcher's shop becomes almost like a stage set for a light-hearted, appetizing comedy.

'The butcher takes a pride in finding exactly what one wants; in cutting it exactly the size one wants; in tying it, or slapping it just the right amount, if it is to be grilled. Very often the necessary herbs will be thrown in as a present; and then one will be told the oven should be such and such a heat, and, as if life itself depended on it, that one must not cook it for more than such and such a time.

'When it comes to buying fruit and vegetables, one is *expected* to pick and choose and prod. These people are still specialists (you find very few chain stores in France—it is still the land of the craftsman, the little shop-owner, the family business) and they want to show that they are better at knowing what is good than those others in the shop round the corner.



Taking home the *baguette* or yard-long loaf

'Then there is the bread. Everyone in England, surely, thinks of French bread by the yard. And so it is, on the whole. It is convenient, when one is in search of a baker, just to look round and see people with yard-long rolls tucked under their arms, all coming from the same direction. But once inside the bakery one's difficulties begin, for there one is confronted with a bewildering variety of loaf, and one must say whether one wants the type chosen well-baked or not, moulded or otherwise, hot or cold. The usual loaf—the yard-long one—is called a *baguette*, which means, as you might expect, stick or wand. It is delicious when it is so fresh that it is hot, but, if one buys it in the morning, there is no way of keeping it edible until the evening: it becomes hard all through. A shorter, thicker variety, which lasts a little longer, is the *bâtard*. I really think it is looked down on by the good French housewife as being the bread women buy when they are too lazy to go out and buy fresh for each meal. A double-length *bâtard*, which is longer and thicker than the usual stick, is called, simply, Parisian bread. Then there is the *pain de campagne*. It is very rough and coarse and large—fully eighteen inches long and as thick as the top of a leg of mutton'.

BARTON'S LEAP

'All winter we played in the streets under the shadow of the great gantry cranes', said ARTHUR BARTON in 'The Northcountryman'. 'But when the grey skies turned soft and blue and the privet put out its green buds we knew that summer was on its way. That is when we started going on expeditions to the Dene. Today, the Dene is a little formal park somewhere in the middle of a huge sprawling housing estate on Tyneside, but when I was a boy it was the country. Beyond the last suburban house and not more than a couple of miles from the shipyards you could hear skylarks and smell the heavy sweetness of the may. I would have been quite happy fishing, lighting fires with twigs, and writing things like "saw crested lapwing" in my twopenny notebook, but my friends were less naturalistically inclined. They wanted to jump the stream.

'We had to start at the top of the Dene and work our way down it. I was not a bold or a good jumper, and I generally ended up cold, wet through, and the object of that silent contempt boys can show so clearly to one another. There was one special jump, a blind leap over a small hawthorn bush with a drop of—could it have been four feet?—that I simply dare not risk. Yet, until I did it, life in the street and at school would be impossible.

'Mooning about at home one rainy afternoon I found a gold-bladed ornamental knife. I stuck it in my belt and showed my mother. She laughed. "It's only a paper knife", she said. "It belonged to Lord Rowland. He got the V.C. for taking his battery over the Modder River". That night I was still wearing the hero's knife when we went up to the Dene. The rain had stopped, but the stream was inches wider, and ran with a deep ominous note. I looked at the swirling green depths with dismay. Half-heartedly, we started on our ritual jumping—Zeeky (short for Ezekiel), Tom, Joe, little Bob, and me. Long before we got to the hawthorn we were wet through, but I had not dropped out. We shivered on the bank while Zeeky inspected the take-off.

"Too muddy tonight, lads", he announced. I looked at the

glittering bush. I put my hand under my jacket and felt the trusty paper knife. I remembered Lord Rowland and a river in Africa somewhat wider than this Tyneside burn.

"I'll do it!" I shouted, in a voice I hardly recognized as my own. I ran up twice—and slunk back. The Dene rang with jeers. The third time I launched out into space: down, down, down. Then came a cold cascade of muddy water and a sudden, sharp pain.

'They called it "Barton's Leap" for about a week, which was certainly fame; and the scar that half an inch of gold-plated paper knife made in my leg has lasted forty years'.

A KING OF STREETS?

'King Street lies close to the busy, noisy centre of Bristol', said BRENDA HAMILTON in 'The Eye-witness', 'but as you turn into it, off one of the newly built traffic roundabouts, you step back in time, as far back as the seventeenth century, and you tread the cobbled roadway that was then laid down. On either side are

ancient houses and historic buildings. The lovely eighteenth-century Theatre Royal is probably the best known. It is famous now as the oldest working theatre in the country, but even when it was built, nearly 200 years ago, David Garrick pronounced it to be the most perfect theatre for its size in all Europe.

'Across the street is The Landoger Trow, a black-and-white half-timbered inn of the seventeenth century, romantically associated with *Treasure Island* and *Robinson Crusoe*, with Judge Jeffreys, and with all the famous actors who once played at the Theatre Royal. Next door to the theatre is the Coopers' Hall, built twenty-two years

earlier, in 1744. An old Bristol guide describes it as "a noble freestone building standing on a rustic basement, ornamented with four columns with Corinthian capitals supporting an attic storey and lofty pediment, on which are the arms of the Coopers' Company".

'This noble building is now a warehouse for fruit, and the lofty Great Hall, with its musicians gallery and wonderfully decorated ceiling, is used for the fruit auction. In the basements five-foot-thick walls make a perfect natural cold storage for bales of bright oranges and lemons and barrels of grapes. To recondition the interior of Coopers' Hall would be a big job, but it is good to know that a start will be made on the exterior, and that soon it will face the street as proudly as its famous neighbour, the Theatre Royal.

'On the other side of the Coopers' Hall, rather overshadowed by its great height, are the little almshouses of St. Nicholas, with their many gabled windows, built 300 years ago for the purpose of receiving poor women. These houses, too, have suffered war damage and years of neglect. But there is good news for the future: the Chairman of the St. Nicholas Almshouse Trust told me that they hope to restore these houses within the next few years, and they will once more offer homes to ten or eleven old ladies.

'At present King Street is a bit of a hotch-potch. It needs a trained eye perhaps to detect the architectural beauty obscured by dilapidation, but if in time it could all be revealed and restored this would indeed be a king of streets'.



In King Street, Bristol: (left to right) Theatre Royal, Coopers' Hall, and the St. Nicholas Almshouses

Reece Winstone

The Future of Man

The Limits of Improvement

The third of six Reith Lectures by P. B. MEDAWAR

FIFTY years of research into human genetics has made it clear that human beings abide by the same laws of heredity as other animals do. There are thousands of human pedigrees that illustrate our conformity to the Mendelian laws. I shall not bother you with what these laws are; they are pretty well understood and we *obey* them in whatever sense other organisms may be said to obey them; but if we are to understand the genetical behaviour of a human *population* or of any other population we shall need to know a great deal more than that. We shall need to know in what way and to what degree, the members of the population differ from one another, and how that diversity is maintained; to what extent inbreeding is practised, if at all; from how large a number and how big an area a mate may be chosen or lighted upon; and whether 'opposites attract each other' or whether like mates with like. We shall need to know how many chromosomes there are, and what may be the importance of the phenomenon called 'linkage' in keeping the genes on one chromosome together, or of crossing-over in letting them get apart. In short, we must try to understand the *genetic system* of human beings: not just the syntax of heredity, but the whole of what it is that governs the flow of genetic information from one individual to another and from one generation to the next. In this lecture I shall discuss the idea of a genetical system in rather general terms.

Resistant Strains of Bacteria

The genetic system of a species sets a limit to what it can do by way of evolving, but it is not a permanent fixture: it can itself evolve. The most important evolutionary change we ourselves have witnessed is the evolution, in hospitals, of strains of staphylococci and other bacteria which resist the action of penicillin and other antibiotic drugs. Suppose now that *antibiotin*—an antibacterial drug which has not yet been discovered—were to come into use next year: I shall relax my self-imposed ban on soothsaying so far as to predict that, if it does so, we shall surely witness the evolution of resistant strains of bacteria.

I am saying, then, that bacteria have a genetic system which enables at least some of them to overcome misfortunes which have not yet happened, which even we ourselves cannot foresee. The idea of an organism's providing now for what may happen to it in an unknown future sounds paradoxical; but in fact makes perfectly straightforward sense. The bacteria with us today are the descendants of bacteria which, in the past, must have come through a whole succession of just such appalling hazards. Their ancestors must have come from populations which were variable enough to have contained the few odd members that could cope. The few bacteria that did cope were the ones that left descendants; but they carried with them a genetic system—a system of genetical habits, if you like—which made sure that their descendants would be as various and versatile as ever before. To say that bacteria evolved into a state of resistance on some one occasion is to tell only half the story: they must have come to possess the kind of genetic system that made it possible for that particular act of evolution to have occurred.

So much for the influence of men and their other enemies on bacteria. It is just possible that we might learn the same lesson from the effects of bacteria and *our* other enemies on *us*. In the past thousand years, we in Great Britain and in western Europe generally have had to cope with murderous irruptions of plague, leprosy, and the sweating-sickness; of great pox, small pox, diphtheria, cholera, tuberculosis, and influenza. We too, then, like bacteria, must often have been propagated through somewhat unrepresentative members of our kind—unrepresentative in the sense that, on any one occasion, those who survived an epidemic may have contained a high proportion of a genetically privileged

minority. If this is a true account of the matter—and as we are still alive to wonder whether it is or not—it follows that human beings must have a genetic system which makes sure that the appropriate minorities do indeed exist.

A Problem for All Living Things

Coping with sudden attacks by infectious organisms is only one form of a problem that besets all living things: to provide not merely for *adaptedness* to the environment but for *adaptability*; to provide not only for what is happening now but for changes which, if the past is anything to go by, are all too likely to happen in the future. Moreover, it is not only a matter of the future. Although we cheerfully speak about *the* environment of an organism or a population, we know well there is no such thing. A population of individuals lives in a range of environments, narrow or wide as the case may be; and adaptability is just as much a matter of being adapted to environments which differ from place to place as to environments which change from time to time.

In principle, we can imagine two extreme solutions of this problem of adaptability. The first would be to arrive at some one genetic constitution which endowed each individual with great versatility and great powers of accommodation and resistance, so that each one went forth into the world capable of coping with almost anything that might come its way. This constitution would have to be rather faithfully reproduced from generation to generation; if it were not so—if when the animals bred together they produced a great variety of different offspring—then the genetic formula for being so adaptable would be lost, and the solution would lose its point.

The second solution would be to confer adaptability upon a *population* of animals without too nice a regard to the welfare and fate of its individual members, and this means adopting a genetic system with the very opposite property: one which provides for and maintains a great many inborn differences between one individual and another. If such a system were to be adopted, then, with luck, whatever happened, there would always be some members of the population who could survive and perpetuate their kind.

In the past twenty years we have come to realize that most free-living organisms—perhaps all of them—adopt neither the one solution nor the other. As a biological enterprise the first has turned out to be too difficult, and the second is appallingly wasteful. What animals have adopted is a rather shifty compromise between the two.

What form does this compromise take in human beings? The answer we give to this question will colour all our thoughts about the genetic future of mankind. I feel, for example, that people who study eugenics are sometimes inclined to assume that man has adopted, or could adopt, the former of the two solutions; they have in the backs of their minds the idea of some one excellently well-adapted, all-round kind of human being who could be perpetuated according to the formula that 'like begets like': in other words, by 'breeding true'. What I shall do now, therefore, is to discuss the kinds of inborn diversity that prevail among human beings, to see to what extent they point to the adoption of one or other of the two extreme solutions I proposed.

Inborn Differences

The inborn differences between human beings seem to be of three main kinds. First, there are the differences that divide us into a great majority and a tiny minority. Nearly all of us are lucky enough not to have haemophilia, for example, or a disease like Huntington's chorea; only about one person in a quarter of a million suffers from the bizarre abnormality that makes the

urine darken when exposed to air. It is true that with the departures from normality that are said to be 'fully recessive' in expression—that will not make themselves apparent unless the offending gene has been inherited from both parents—the people who carry the gene without giving evidence of it will greatly outnumber those who are actually afflicted by the disease; but, even so, it remains true to say that the great majority of us are neither the carriers of any one such harmful gene, nor the victims of its action.

'Good' Genes

If this were the only kind of variation among human beings and other animals, the picture we should form in our minds of the genetic make-up would correspond to the first of the two solutions I proposed for the problem of adaptability. The commonest and fittest animal would be one that inherited a normal gene—a 'good' gene, let us call it—from both its parents, and transmitted it to all its offspring; it would be homozygous, as the saying is, and *homozygous* for nearly all its genes. The same would be true of almost every other animal it could mate with, so that its offspring would have almost exactly the same genetic make-up as itself.

How then would inborn diversity arise, and how could there be any evolution? The answer would run as follows. Unusual genes—new variants of the existing genes—arise repeatedly by the process of mutation. If the genetic make-up of an individual is as nicely adapted as we are assuming it to be, then these new genes that intrude themselves will tend to have bad effects: they will lower the fitness of their possessors; and if mutation were not, as it is known to be, a constantly recurring process, they would eventually die out. But every now and again a mutant gene would arise which conferred some advantage on its possessors; in time it would be given every opportunity to reveal its talents, because sexual reproduction, abetted by crossing over and segregation and other genetical devices, would make sure that it was introduced into every different kind of genetic constitution the population could provide. If, in the outcome, it *did* confer an advantage, then the new gene would slowly displace the old one and become the predominant type, the normal, regular thing. While the new gene was being received into the Establishment, the population as a whole would obviously have to go through a stage in which the members who did or did not possess it were fifty-fifty; but this state of affairs would be temporary, and a portent of better things to come. According to this theory, then, inborn variety is maintained by the nagging pressure of recurrent mutation, and natural selection will almost always act in such a way as to preserve conformity, by weeding out the possessors of unusual or aberrant genes.

With some refinements I shall not go into, this was the conception that most of us had in mind as recently as twenty years ago: it is the classical conception of the elementary text books, the idea of a uniform, a predominantly homozygous population of well adapted individuals whose offspring are almost always exactly like themselves. The idea was applied in practice to the breeding of livestock animals. Artificial selection, it was thought, could go on smoothly until it had used up all inborn diversity in respect of the characters for which the selection was being practised; and the breeder would end up with a uniform population which met his preconceived requirements and which could be relied upon to perpetuate itself by breeding true.

Artificial Selection

There were some tiresome minor snags and also some major difficulties. If the classical conception were wholly true, why should inbreeding, which leads to uniformity, also lead to a loss of fitness, not uncommonly to extinction? But these difficulties could be explained away, sometimes convincingly. For example, if one asked why artificial selection should so often lead to a serious loss of fitness, the answer seemed reasonable enough. Artificial selection, being an arbitrary process, is almost certain to upset some hardly won and nicely adjusted natural balance between the genes. Now the great difference between artificial and natural selection is this. When judging the effectiveness of natural selection, that is selection for fitness, we are always being wise after

the event; with artificial selection we are trying to be wise before the event; and what the event proves is that we are all too often ignorant.

The real weaknesses of the classical conception arise not from its being untrue but from its professing to be the whole truth. Let us try to see how far it falls short of being true of men. There are a number of characteristics which do *not* divide human beings into a huge majority who possess them and a tiny minority who possess some alternative variant instead. The property of belonging to blood groups A or B or AB or O divides us into distinct classes of which not one is an extreme minority. The same is true of most other blood groups, and of the factors which (because there are so many of them) make it useless in the long run to patch up one human being with a skin graft taken from another, unless the two should happen to be identical twins. Variations of this kind, in which there is no question of huge majorities and tiny minorities, are described as 'polymorphic', and polymorphic variation represents the second of the three kinds of ways in which I said that human beings differed.

Polymorphism

Many examples of polymorphism are known already, and a great many more are simply waiting to be discovered. Some of them are pretty ancient. Anthropoid apes have blood groups closely related to our own; and an all-star cast of exceptionally eminent geneticists was able to discern that, just like ourselves, some chimpanzees can taste and others cannot taste the compound phenylthiourea, which is extremely bitter, so I am told. So we are not dealing here with the temporary polymorphism that simply marks the ascent in the population of some newly favoured gene; nor, from what we know of the rarity of mutation, is it possible that polymorphism should be kept up by the occurrence of new mutations between one generation and the next.

At one time it was thought that polymorphism owed its commonness to its utter triviality; sometimes it was important, to be sure, but only under circumstances which could be comfortably explained away. One's blood group seemed to be a matter of complete indifference *unless* one happened to need a blood transfusion, a contingency which Nature might be excused for having overlooked. Skin grafting can indeed show that we are all innately different, but what of it? It would indeed be a splendid thing if we could repair a severe burn with a skin graft from a voluntary donor; but burns are pretty well unheard of in Nature, and nothing could be more unnatural than the grafting by which we attempt their repair.

It is now certain that polymorphism is *not* a matter of indifference in any sense. Our subdivision into Rhesus-positive and Rhesus-negative blood groups is a qualifying condition for the occurrence of a destructive disease of the blood in newborn children—a disease which, in Great Britain, affects about one child in 150 and which caused about 400 deaths in 1957. People who are not of blood group O seem to enjoy some special protection against duodenal ulceration, particularly—and this is another polymorphism—if the chemical substances distinctive of the blood groups appear in their saliva and gastric juice as well as in their blood. People who can taste phenylthiourea seem to be slightly more liable to get one form of thyroid disease and slightly less liable to get another. These facts make little sense at present, but they do show that polymorphism is under some kind of pressure from natural selection.

Polymorphism seems to arise from two main causes. The first is when, for any reason whatsoever, it is an advantage for the population to be subdivided into two or more distinct types which depend upon and therefore sustain each other. The most extreme example of this kind is the distinction between the sexes, and the mechanism that provides for *this* polymorphism has long been built into the genetic structure of higher organisms.

The other main cause of polymorphism is when, for any reason whatsoever, a so-called 'heterozygote' is fitter than a homozygote. By a 'heterozygote' I mean an organism that has a hybrid make-up with respect to some particular gene—that has inherited two different variants of a gene from its two parents instead of the same variant from both. I mentioned an example of this last week when I said that people whose blood contained a mixture of two different forms of haemoglobin, A and S, were more resistant to

subtertian malaria than those who had only one. In this particular case a mixture is formed because its possessors are heterozygous with respect to one of the genes that govern the form of haemoglobin: instead of inheriting a gene of the same kind from both their parents they inherited two different forms of it, one from each. And because such people are hybrids, they do not breed true. You may remember my saying that a quarter of the children of heterozygous parents have only one kind of haemoglobin, haemoglobin S. To complete the story I should add that a second quarter have the other type of haemoglobin, haemoglobin A; and the remaining half are heterozygotes like their parents.

Now consider what would follow if this state of affairs—a greater fitness of the heterozygote—were to be the universal rule. Almost everything that follows from what I called the ‘classical’ conception would have to be withdrawn. Natural selection would no longer be a force that makes for constancy and uniformity; on the contrary, it would *oblige* populations to remain diverse, because the heterozygotes would be favoured, and heterozygotes do not breed true. Mutation, so far from being the great source of inborn diversity, would be reduced to a very minor role. We should have to abandon the idea that the fittest organism could be fixed as the overwhelmingly predominant type in the population, because, being of hybrid constitution, it would always throw off variants inferior to itself. We should be constantly frustrated in our attempts to select and establish a uniform breed of livestock animal, and artificial selection would almost always be forced to a standstill when there was still plenty of inborn diversity in the population—but a diversity which, unfortunately, could not be used.

A Mystery of Modern Genetics

The state of affairs I have just described is no more the whole truth than that which is envisaged by the ‘classical’ conception, but it is a greater part of the truth than we suspected twenty years ago. The origin of the superior fitness of the heterozygous constitution, when it is superior, is one of the mysteries of modern genetics. We can sometimes discern special reasons why, in any one particular case, the heterozygote should be superior; but I can think of only one general reason why it should so often have tended to become so, and it is this: a free-living species whose members have to cope with environments which change from time to time and differ from place to place will tend to acquire a genetic system which forcibly maintains a certain pattern of genetic inequality or inborn variety. This is one possible solution of the problem of providing for adaptability—a solution to which most free-living organisms are to some extent committed. This argument may be quite mistaken: there may be no *general* reason why heterozygotes should often be the fittest organisms, or, if there is a general reason, it may not be the one I have outlined. But whether there is one reason or a multitude of particular reasons, there seems no doubt that some large part of human fitness is vested in a mechanism that provides for a high degree of genetic inequality and inborn diversity; which makes sure that there are plenty of different kinds of human beings; and this fact sets a limit to any purely theoretical fancies we may care to indulge in about the perfectibility of men.

I have left to the end the third of the three ways in which human beings may differ from one another, because I shall discuss it at greater length in my next two lectures. Most characteristics do *not* divide us into sharply distinct classes of the sort I have been discussing so far. Our heights, or wits, or blood-pressures form a smoothly graded series; tallness or shortness, brightness or dullness, are simply stretches of a continuous range. The inheritance of differences of this kind behaves as if it were due to the co-operation and interaction of a very large number of genes; and the same goes for some characteristics that do necessarily divide us into distinct classes, like the number of children one can have or the number of hairs on one’s head. Many differences that have a direct bearing on fitness are inherited in this fashion—differences of fecundity itself, for example, or growth-rate, or length of life.

Unhappily, the study of this form of inheritance, ‘metrical’ inheritance, is exceptionally difficult, both in theory and practice; but I think that research has gone far enough to reveal here, too, the workings of a compromise between the two extreme solutions

of the problem of providing for adaptability. I said earlier that if the classical conception represented the whole truth, a programme of artificial selection could proceed smoothly until all inborn diversity had been used up—a limit which would not be reached until the genes affecting the characters under selection had been fixed in their true-breeding, that is, their homozygous, form. If, on the other hand, animals of hybrid constitution were always the fittest, then the attempt to fix some desired kind of animal would be an uphill struggle, constantly opposed and usually frustrated by the fact that the fittest animals did not breed true.

Conflicting Interests

What then are the results of experiments on the selection of metrical characters? In general, steady progress is made to begin with, and the results begin to take shape as if the classical conception were true; but after a number of generations of selection, it usually becomes clear that something is going seriously wrong: the stock begins to deteriorate in fitness and may even die out. A limit to improvement is reached when there is still plenty of inborn variation, but variation of a kind that is not accessible or is not amenable to selection. There is known to be more than one reason why this limit should be arrived at, but one important reason does indeed seem to be superior fitness conferred by the heterozygous make-up. Attempts at selection are, in fact, torn between conflicting interests: the characters we are hoping to establish and fix in the population—height or weight, perhaps, or, in the fruit-flies that are so often used for these experiments, bristliness—may well find their most extreme expression in the true-breeding homozygous form; but that is not going to be much consolation if these homozygous forms are inferior in fitness, and are therefore at a constant disadvantage compared with the forms that do not breed true. Artificial selection and natural selection pull opposite ways.

The experiments which reveal the compromise I have been discussing were done on animals, but there is no reason at all to suppose that their results do not apply to men. Human beings, too, are to some extent committed to a genetic system which attaches some weight, perhaps great weight, to there being many different kinds of men. This state of affairs is part of a very ancient genetic heritage: it came about, perhaps, because no species of free-living animal which survives to give evidence on the matter can ever have achieved adaptedness by the total sacrifice of adaptability; and the maintenance of a high degree of inborn variety is one way, wasteful but biologically easy, by which adaptability can be achieved.

Improvements in Environment

Fortunately, there is now a new solution of the problem of providing for adaptability, and it goes some way towards making up for these inborn inequalities and imperfections of men which the older solution necessarily entails. This newer solution is to *improve the environment*, whether by a comparatively simple method like eradicating malaria or tuberculosis, or by the grander enterprise of attempting to cure all human ills and deficiencies. There is sound biological sense in this solution: Nature, hitherto, has been somewhat inept, and has reconciled herself to compromises; she can do better now. The extremely difficult and ingenious trick which has made it possible for human beings to adopt this newer solution I shall try to explain in my final lecture. For the present, I should like you to notice that it is the *humane* solution too (‘humaneness’, according to the dictionary, means ‘characterized by such behaviour or disposition towards others as befits a man’). It will be important to contrast the picture I shall finally arrive at with that older social biology which said ‘Three cheers for Natural Selection’, ‘the devil take the hindmost’—and much else about Nature’s teeth and claws. As some biologists did at one time connive at the acceptance of this manifesto, I should perhaps mention that it is based upon a technical misunderstanding of Nature, of man’s place in Nature, and of the nature of man.—*Home Service*

Charles Townshend, his character and career, by Sir Lewis Namier, is the title of the Leslie Stephen lecture for 1959 (Cambridge, 3s. 6d.).

The Sky at Night

Pairs of Stars

By PATRICK MOORE

ON November 16, at 6.32 p.m., an interesting astronomical phenomenon took place; the Moon passed in front of the bright star Aldebaran, and occulted it until it reappeared at approximately 7.29 p.m. Occultations of stars are common enough, but few bright stars lie close enough to the ecliptic to be hidden in this way, and the effect is spectacular. The star seems to shine steadily until the precise moment when it is hidden, when it vanishes abruptly; there is no prior flickering or fading, and this is enough to show that the Moon's limb is not surrounded by a layer of dense atmosphere. Occultations are also useful because accurate timings of them help to improve our knowledge of the Moon's position, and hence of the lunar orbit.

Aldebaran is easy to recognize, since its direction is indicated by the three bright stars which make up Orion's belt. Moreover, Aldebaran is decidedly orange-red in hue; it has always been known as the 'Eye of the Bull' (Taurus). Close beside it lies a distinct V-shaped formation of stars, the Hyades Cluster, and keen-sighted people will notice that one of the stars in the V, Theta Tauri, is made up of two. It is in fact a wide 'double star'.



An optical double star (inset, the telescopic view)

Pairs of stars are frequently encountered in the sky, and any small telescope will show a large number of them. Best known of all, without doubt, is Mizar (Zeta Ursæ Majoris), the second star in the 'handle' of the Plough. Mizar's companion, Alcor, is easily seen without optical aid whenever conditions are even moderately favourable; with a telescope, Mizar itself proves to be double, one component being obviously superior to the other.

The discovery that Mizar is a double star dates back for over three centuries, but it was not at first realized that the two components are physically associated, so that they form a 'binary' system and lie at approximately the same distance from us. Originally, astronomers held the view that one component was more distant than the other, and merely happened to lie in the same direction as seen from the Earth. An arrangement of the latter kind is shown in the diagram, with the telescopic view shown in the inset.

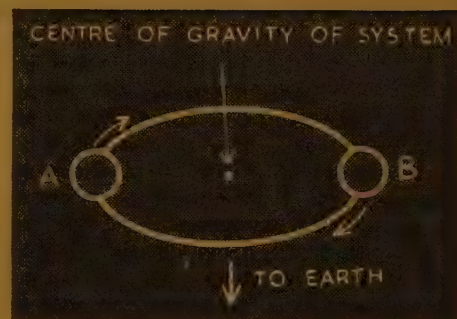
Optical doubles, in which the components are not truly associated, do occur, and there are other line-of-sight effects as well. For instance, the Hyades form a genuine cluster, but Aldebaran is not a member of it. The 'Eye of the Bull' lies roughly half-way between the cluster and ourselves; in fact, Aldebaran is as far from the Hyades as we are from Aldebaran.

One of the great problems facing astronomers of 250 years ago was that of the distance of the stars. A possible way to tackle it would be to detect annual parallaxes, as shown in the second diagram (which is not, of course, to scale). The

Earth is 93,000,000 miles from the Sun, and so the diameter of its orbit is 186,000,000 miles; this can serve as a base-line for observations. It will be shown that the apparent position of a nearby star, A, will change in relation to the more distant stars; measurement of the shift will yield the parallax of A, and the distance may be computed.

This was the method adopted by Sir William Herschel, who is regarded as the greatest observational astronomer of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. For his tests, he used double stars. If one component were much nearer than the other, it should reveal an annual shift due to parallax, and this shift should be detectable; the more distant component would serve as a reference-point. Herschel's measures revealed no parallaxes, and in fact he was never able to measure the distance of a star; his instruments, good though they were, were not accurate enough, and it was not until fifteen years after his death that the first true parallaxes were obtained. However, Herschel was led on to a discovery which proved to be almost equally interesting. Many of the double stars showed shifts which could be interpreted only by assuming that they were physically associated, and in orbital motion around their common centre of gravity. This discovery marked the beginning of binary-star astronomy.

Rather surprisingly, it has been found that the vast majority of double stars are binaries; optical pairs are comparatively rare. In the vicinity of the Sun, for instance, binaries are almost as common as single stars, and there is no reason to suppose that our particular part of the Galaxy is unusual in this respect. The binary pairs are of many different types. Sometimes the two components are almost perfect twins—as with Theta Serpentis, not far from Altair, and Gamma Virginis, not far from Spica. In other cases, one component is much brighter (and hence more luminous) than the other. Sirius, which appears as the brightest star in the sky, is accompanied by a dim companion visible only in large telescopes. It is true that this companion is a particularly strange object; it is one of the stars known as White Dwarfs, and is actually smaller than a planet such as Uranus, though its mass is nearly equal to that of the Sun.



Detection of a spectroscopic binary. In this position component A is receding from Earth and will show a red Doppler shift. Component B is approaching and will show a violet shift. The spectrum lines of the combined system will thus appear doubled



Parallax: the position of the near star, A, will apparently change according to the position of the Earth in its orbit round the Sun

One of the most beautiful objects in the stellar heavens is Beta Cygni (Albireo). It is not difficult to find; it is the faintest of the five stars which make up the 'cross' of Cygnus, and lies very roughly between Vega and Altair. To the naked eye it appears as an ordinary third-magnitude star, but even a modest telescope reveals a yellow primary accompanied by a bluish-green companion. The hue of the companion is considerably

accentuated by contrast, but in any case Albireo makes a really superb telescopic object. Sometimes, too, we have red giant stars which are accompanied by bluish-green companions; examples are Antares (Alpha Scorpionis) and Alpha Herculis.

Another splendid binary, unfortunately too far south to be visible from Britain, is Alpha Centauri, which in our skies is outshone only by Sirius and Canopus. The components are of magnitudes 0.2 and 1.7, and since their apparent distance apart is about four seconds of arc they may be seen with a very small instrument. The period of revolution is 80.1 years. Since the elements of the orbit are known, it is possible to find out the combined mass of the system in terms of the Sun; it proves that the two components of Alpha Centauri, combined, have 2.05 times the solar mass.

Alpha Centauri lies at a distance of 4.3 light-years from us, and is the nearest of our brilliant neighbours. Fairly close to it in the sky lies a third star—a dim red dwarf, known as Proxima in view of the fact that it is the nearest star known; it is about one-tenth of a light-year closer to us than Alpha Centauri itself. Yet since it shares Alpha Centauri's real motion in space, we know that it is in fact a member of the Alpha Centauri system, and makes up a very distant binary companion. It must be moving round the common centre of gravity of the system, but the revolution period is certainly to be measured in millions of years.

If a star is to be seen as a visual binary, its components must be fairly well separated in space, even if the system is relatively close to us. If the separation is too small, the components will not be seen individually; nevertheless, they may be detected by means of the spectroscope. Picture a binary in which the two components are equal in mass, an 'in which the orbit is seen 'edge-on'. When one component is approaching us, the other will be receding, and vice-versa. Consequently the spectroscope will reveal a violet shift for one component, and a red shift for the other, according to the familiar Doppler principle. When the two components are moving 'broadside-on' to us, there will be no Doppler shifts due to the orbital motion. What happens, then, is that the spectrum lines periodically become double, and reveal that we are examining a close binary system instead of a single star. The brighter component of the Mizar system is of this type. If the spectrum of the fainter member of the system is too faint to show up, the brighter component will exhibit a periodical oscillation of its spectrum lines around the mean position, and once again the binary character will be betrayed.

There is no basic difference between a spectroscopic binary, of this kind, and an ordinary visual binary. This is shown by the case of Capella, the brilliant yellow star which is so conspicuous a feature of winter skies, and may pass across the zenith as seen from Britain. Capella was found to be a spectroscopic binary; later, the star was seen to be 'elongated' in very large telescopes, though the components are too close together to be seen as individual points of light.

An interesting system is that of Epsilon Lyrae, which lies close to Vega. Keen eyes will see that the star is double, and a three-inch refractor shows that each component is again double, so that we have a quadruple system. The combined movements are obviously very complex, though again the period of revolution of the two main pairs, with respect to each other, is immensely long. More complex still is Castor, the senior but fainter member of the 'Heavenly Twins'. (According to the early star catalogues, it used to be appreciably brighter than its neighbour Pollux, but it is now over a quarter of a magnitude fainter; so that if the old

estimates are to be trusted, there has been a definite change.) It is a splendid visual binary, and may be split with a small telescope. Each component is a spectroscopic binary, and at a greater distance lies a much fainter component which also proves to be a spectroscopic binary. Instead of being a single body, then, Castor is a sextuple system.

One of the most spectacular of the multiple stars is Theta Orionis. It lies in the famous 'Sword of Orion'—the Great Nebula, visible to the unaided eye as a misty patch below the three stars of Orion's belt. The four main components are arranged in a form which has led to the nickname of the Trapezium, and other members of the system may also be seen. Theta Orionis is genuinely associated with the Great Nebula; this is not a mere line-of-sight effect, as with Aldebaran and the Hyades.

It is clear that any theory of stellar evolution must account for the occurrence of binary systems, particularly in view of the fact that binaries appear to be almost as common as single stars. We must also account for the wide range in separation; as we have seen, some pairs are made up of stars which are a tremendous distance apart, while in other cases the components may be practically in contact.

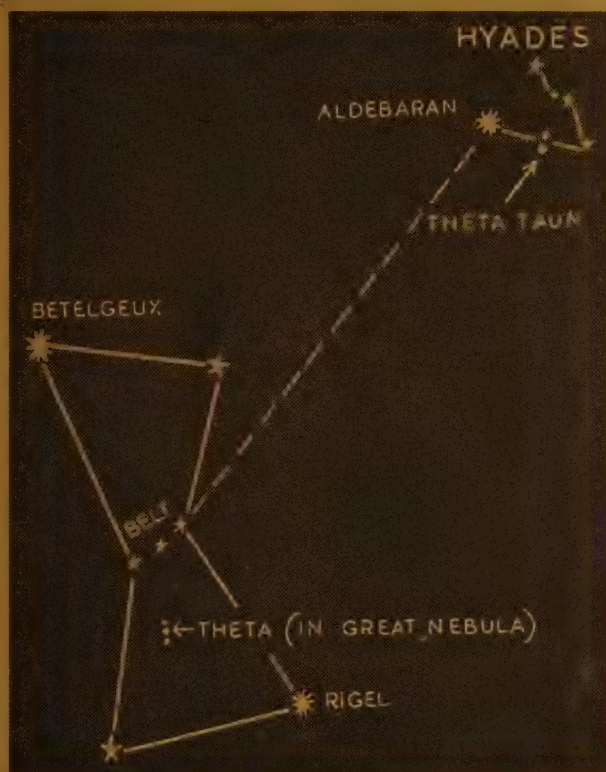
It used to be thought that a binary originated by means of the break-up, or fission, of a single star. It is known that some stars rotate at great speed, and presumably a star which spun round with great rapidity might become unstable, so that it would first assume an elongated shape and then break into two pieces. Unfortunately, this hypothesis is open to a number of serious objections, and although it has not been definitely disproved it has certainly fallen out of favour with most astronomers.

Alternatively it may be that the two components of a binary never made up one body. In this case, the picture is that of two individual stars which are 'born' relatively close to each other, in a rotating interstellar cloud of gas and dust. It is true, of course, that the two components of a binary system may be

at different stages in their evolution: with the Sirius pair, the brilliant star is of spectrum type A, and is presumably near the prime of its career, while the companion—the White Dwarf—has used up its nuclear fuel, and is well on the road to final extinction, though it is radiating so feebly that its expectation of active life is still very long. This, however, is no objection to the second and more favoured theory of the origin of binary systems. Much depends on a star's initial mass; a very massive star will run through its career much more quickly than a less massive one. For instance, Rigel in Orion, which is at least 18,000 times as luminous as the Sun, cannot have existed in its present state for more than a few million years, whereas our own relatively mild Sun has not changed a great deal during the past few thousands of millions of years. According to one theory, the Sun used to have a binary companion which suffered a violent internal disturbance and became a supernova; the remnants of the old star retreated into space, and the Earth and other members of the Solar System were formed from the debris. This hypothesis is not generally accepted, but it remains a fascinating possibility, and we still have no entirely satisfactory theory of the genesis of the planets.

There can be no doubt that binary stars are among the most significant objects in the stellar sky. Some are widely separated, some almost touching; some pairs have equal components, and may be regarded as true twins, while others are totally unlike; some systems, such as that of Castor, are of great complexity. Inexpensive equipment will show many of them, and each has its own particular points of interest.

—Based on the B.B.C. television programme of November 16



Orion and the Hyades

Landmarks of Political Thought

'The Federalist'

By MAX BELOFF

AN eminent American political scientist has recently written that the United States has no claim to have produced a single work of political philosophy. Even *The Federalist*, he claims, for all its practical wisdom, does not come into this category. No one, he says, has ever found it necessary to write a whole book about it. This seems to me to be far too modest. It is surely difficult to deny greatness to a book which retains so intense a topicality 160 years after it first appeared. The central problem with which it deals, that of combining a firm authority at the centre of a political community with the maximum freedom for the several parts of it, has been in the forefront of our own preoccupations as never before. Never have more new federations been created or advocated than during the past fifteen years or so; never have the words 'federation' and 'federalism' been more often on people's lips. With so much talk of a possible federal future for western Europe, interest in the teachings of *The Federalist* is no longer confined to the Anglo-Saxon world.

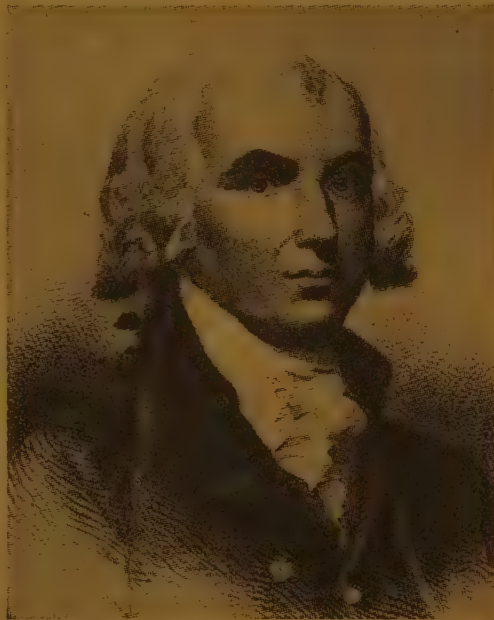
One can admit, however, that *The Federalist* is not a formal treatise on political philosophy. It is, rather, an extended pamphlet. Other works of political philosophy have of course to be understood in the light of the main political crises of their own age. But *The Federalist* was even more directly concerned with bringing out a precise result in the field of practical politics. Indeed, it was concerned with the most practical of all things in politics: winning votes.

The constitutional Convention that met at Philadelphia in 1787 had drawn up a new Constitution for the United States. This differed materially from the Articles of Confederation under which the United States had been living since their successful revolution against the British authority. It was now necessary to get the Constitution accepted by the people. The procedure was to elect special Conventions in each State to ratify the new document. The purpose of the authors of *The Federalist* was to secure the election to the New York State Convention of persons known to be favourable to the new constitution. The method was to publish a series of essays in the local press which together formed a commentary on the document and a series of arguments to show why it should be accepted.

What makes it so remarkable a work is that the authors found it necessary to go back to first principles of political organization in order to make clear the grounds upon which they were commending this particular constitution. This intimate connexion between abstract political analysis and concrete prescription is connected with the other unique characteristic of *The Federalist* among works of political philosophy: the fact that its three authors were all leading statesmen, two of whom, Hamilton and Madison, would have been notable figures in history even if *The Federalist* had never been written. James Madison had been the principal figure in the Constitutional Convention itself and was to be President of the United States; Alexander Hamilton had been a brilliant aide to George Washington, and as America's First Secretary of the Treasury under the new Constitution was to do much to set the pattern for its workings; John Jay had filled important diplomatic posts under the previous Constitution and been Secretary for Foreign Affairs, he was to be the first Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

The problem faced by the makers of the Constitution and expounded in *The Federalist* was easy enough to define. The American States were too conscious of their separate identities to be put under one consolidated government and yet too vulnerable to the outside world to live in total independence of one another. Experience under the Articles of Confederation seemed to show that a mere loose arrangement for conducting foreign policy and defence in concert was insufficient. There was too much scope for centrifugal tendencies to drive the States apart from each other, perhaps to cause armed conflicts between them in the long run, and the probable loss of their independence. There was also among these men of property the fear that the States alone would be too weak to handle certain demagogic tendencies which they feared—there must be something to hold the excesses of democracy in check.

The federal constitution of 1787 had solved these problems in a novel and daring fashion. The new government was more than a league of independent sovereignties. Within the spheres allotted to it, the federal government had direct authority not only over the separate States but over the individual citizen. Each American was in future to have a dual allegiance: to his State in most things, but to the Union in others; and in the last resort the Union was to be the decisive thing. Most of *The Federalist* is given up to spelling out what this new system involved. The larger part of the opposition to the proposed Constitution came from those who thought the new government would be too strong for the liberties of



James Madison (1751-1836)

the States. More is said to reassure them than would have been the case if the authors—certainly Hamilton—had just been giving their own views of how things ought to be. Indeed there was an ambiguity here, which was to reveal itself when Hamilton and Madison later on found themselves on different sides in American politics over this very question of States' rights.

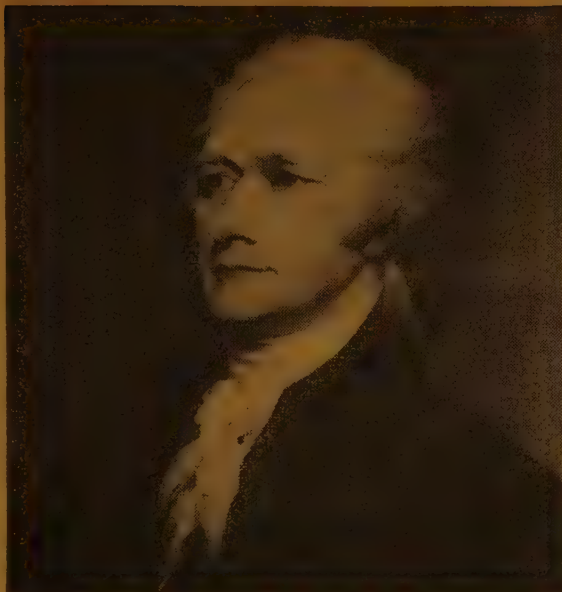
The more theoretical arguments of the authors took into account the views of the classical authorities on politics and the experience of the past; but they were aware that the problem was largely a new one, and that the manner of its solution would be of great importance for other countries besides America. It had been held that the Republican form of government was inherently unstable and doomed to degenerate through anarchy to despotism; certainly it would never be strong enough for a large country—and even in 1787, the United States was a large and varied country indeed. But this view overlooked what could be done by direct contrivance.

'The science of politics', wrote Hamilton, 'like most other sciences, has received great improvement. The efficacy of various principles is now well understood, which were either not known at all or imperfectly known to the ancients. The regular distribution of power into distinct departments; the introduction of legislative balances and checks; the institution of courts composed of judges holding their offices during good behaviour; the representation of the people in the legislature by deputies of their own election; these are either wholly new discoveries or have made their principal progress towards perfection in modern times'. But the stability of the new system would not depend upon institutional devices alone. Madison's analysis of society in terms of material interests in the famous 'Essay No. 10' was written with

a precise purpose in mind. Because men are different, particularly in their capacities for acquiring property, and because property is of very different kinds, it is impossible to avoid the division of the nations between various interests. And, as Madison put it, 'the regulation of these various and interfering interests forms the principal task of modern legislation, and involves the spirit of party and faction in the necessary and ordinary operations of government'.

There can, then, be no hope of eliminating parties and factions; the idea of a single general will is utopian. Instead of this the wise legislator will concentrate upon removing the evils which this produces, and this means removing the fear that one interest will lord it over the others. The advantage of a federal republic was that the number of interests would be so large that they would cancel each other out; it would be necessary to seek compromises and these would arise through the balancing of one interest against another. The new American Federal Republic is thus commended not merely because of its institutional checks and balances, but because these made it possible to balance interests, including of course local and regional interests, against each other, in a political setting.

It is to prevent the concentration of authority that there is a separation of powers both between the Federation and the States, and between the three branches, President, Congress, and courts, which together share authority at the centre. It is admitted that in an ideal society such diffusion of authority would be superfluous; but practical men have to accept the fact that political passions do exist and are liable to lead to injustice: 'It may be a reflection on human nature', wrote Madison, 'that such devices should be necessary to control the abuses of government. But what is government itself, but the greatest of all reflections on

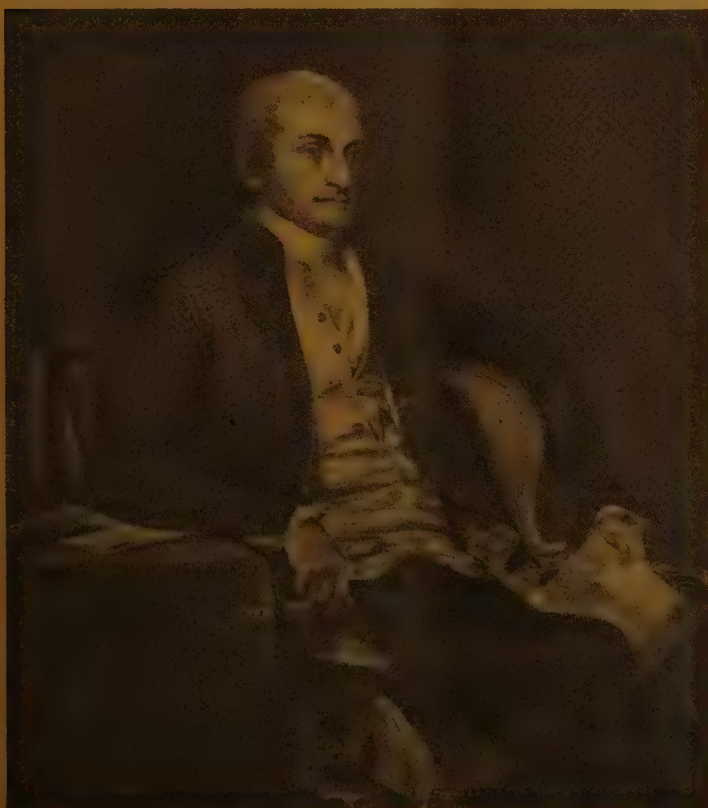


Alexander Hamilton (1757-1804): from a portrait by John Trumbull in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

tion had been private, people could not know to what extent its makers had foreseen a development of this kind.' Since, however, the practice of American Federal Government under the pressure of changing circumstances is different from anything the founders can have desired or foreseen, this aspect has become of less immediate importance. Indeed, the balance of interests as represented through the different organs of the government has become more important than the balance between the institutions themselves. What matters now to Americans is rather the underlying philosophy of *The Federalist*, the whole idea of checks and balances. Government retains as its first task that of creating and maintaining a national consensus rather than securing the desires of a temporary majority; and this fact gives *The Federalist* its permanent relevance.

It is non-Americans who read the institutional analysis with the greatest attention—or should do so. For nothing is better calculated to bring experimenters with federal forms up against those problems inherent in the logic of federalism itself. The authors of *The Federalist* knew that there was in the last resort no way round the problem of where, in the state, authority should rest. In words that George Washington was to make famous, 'influence is not government'.

Even though the present-day makers of federal constitutions will put the line between the central and the local spheres of authority at a different place from that which seemed appropriate to the framers of the American constitution, they have to put it somewhere. Nor can they hope that questions of interpretation will not arise, or avoid the task of deciding where these questions are to be settled. By modern standards the authors of *The Federalist* were working with a relatively simple set of circumstances and this very fact makes their analysis both more rigorous and easier to follow. If political philosophy has a practical role to fulfil, then *The Federalist* is one of the major works in the canon and deserves from practical politicians as well as scholars the most serious and thorough consideration.—General Overseas Service



John Jay (1745-1829)

At present there are over 10,000 more graduate teachers in maintained primary and secondary schools in England and Wales than there were five years ago. The 1954 total of 38,700 has risen to nearly 49,000. But many more graduate teachers are wanted, particularly as teachers of science and mathematics. A pamphlet published by the Ministry of Education for guidance to graduates who are thinking of becoming teachers, *A Career in Education for University Graduates* (1959 edition, free on request from any university or from the Ministry of Education, Curzon Street, London, W.1.), explains that the large capital investment in school buildings has greatly improved working conditions in schools, 'but without good teachers these educational developments cannot be fully accomplished, and many more of the greatly increased number of graduates now coming from the universities are needed in education'.

Art—anti-Art

Primitives of a Mechanized Art

By REYNER BANHAM

EARLY in September 1951, I found a bound volume of Futurist Manifestos on a bookstall outside the Brera, Milan. I picked it up, I looked at it, put it down again, and walked off without even inquiring the price. I must have been mad—or, rather, I should say that I cannot now possibly reconstruct the frame of mind in which I could do such a thing. A mere three years later I was cajoling and browbeating officials of the *Soprintendenza* in order to get into the Modern Gallery in Milan, which was temporarily closed, to see the Futurist paintings and sculptures there, having just come down from Como, where I had been making similar manoeuvres in order to see the drawings of the Futurist architect, Antonio Sant'Elia.

The Arrival at Futurism

I recount this fragment of autobiography in order to fix the point in time where Futurism suddenly became important for myself, and for the circle of friends on whom, at that time, I sharpened my wits and tried out my theories. We had arrived at Futurism by working backwards from the things we were interested in at that particular moment, most notably the machine aesthetic, motion-studies in art, a-formal composition (as in action-painting) and what we then termed non-art, but is now called anti-art. We knew, because it was well-documented in all the books—we knew what the School of Paris and the Germans had contributed to these aspects of twentieth-century art, but again and again in lectures and discussions in which we participated at the Institute of Contemporary Arts we found that the trail led back to the Futurist movement. Clearly, someone had to do some research, and since I was the art-historian of the group they all pointed to me.

What emerged was a less confused and irrelevant picture than might be expected, considering that one was leap-frogging back fifty years in time, to a world that was separated from ours by two global disasters and the Russian revolution and the atom bomb. The apparent confusion is daunting enough, as one surveys the Futurist movement's programme of quasi-political demonstrations, leaflet raids, public brawls and obscure polemics, but the confusion is not difficult to resolve because the irrelevancies of Futurism can be pared away fairly easily.

The outstanding irrelevancy from our point of view is the irredentist strain, the patriotic ambition to redeem slices of Italian-speaking territory that were still under foreign rule. We are still accustomed to hear Italians generating heat and passion about marginal territories like Trieste, but before 1914 the territories involved were hardy marginal: the *Baedeker* I had with me on that second visit to Milan had been published in 1906 and it treated the whole of the Venezia as a separate country. The irredentist theme was far from irrelevant to the Marinetti connexion, and it produced a quantity of warlike noises and some genuine acts of heroism when Italy finally entered the war; and it led to the final submersion of Futurism in Fascism. But the hatred of foreign dominion was extended by Marinetti and his associates to cover the hordes of foreign art-lovers who came to browse among the monuments of Italy's glorious past.

Sneers from Marinetti

Many members of this 'foetid gangrene of professors, archaeologists, cicerones and antiquarians', as Marinetti called them, were clearly open to hatred because they spoke German, the language of the Austrian oppressor; but Americans and Englishmen were not exempt, and some of Marinetti's sharpest sneers are at 'your deplorable Ruskin . . . with his sick dream of a primitive agrarian life, his nostalgia for Homeric cheeses and the spinning-wheels of legend . . .'. In the first place, then, the anti-art reaction of the Futurists was against the art of the past, and against culture as

something inherited from the past: 'Set fire to the bookstacks of the libraries, divert canals to flood out the museums. Oh, the pleasure of seeing all the glorious old canvases borne away on the flood, torn and stained by the water', declares the foundation manifesto of 1909.

That pronouncement must have had a specifically Italian relevance for men to whom Venice and Florence were 'running sores' on the face of the country; yet even here Marinetti touched a nerve that was to twitch for two more decades outside Italy. 'Must we burn the Louvre?' demanded the *Esprit Nouveau* circle in the 'twenties, 'would you defend the National Gallery?' inquired the Left poets of the 'thirties. The moment the Futurists set foot outside the narrow terms of purely Italian relevance, the moment they said something that could be generalized, they spoke a language that was international, and comprehensible long after other art jargons had become dead languages.

There are two fairly obvious reasons for this. First, the Italians did not invent that anti-art pitch. Their debts to outside sources, particularly France, were considerable. Futurism would not have been what it was without—for instance—the liberated typography of Mallarmé's *Un Coup de Dés*, without the example of Alfred Jarry, without the example of Walt Whitman: but chiefly, not without the example of the School of Paris as a kind of mass *avant-garde*. France had come to terms with the idea of revolutionaries in art, and had given them places, occasions, and organizations where they could function without upsetting the rest of the community too much. But in Italy even these restricted outlets were not available. The Futurists, and similar groups like the *Voce* circle in Florence, felt stifled by a situation where the small public tolerance for advanced art was being completely monopolized by Gabriele D'Annunzio. Political discontents increased the psychological pressure, and sooner or later something had to give. But when it did, and the Futurists launched their manifestos on the world, it was only the flaming language and the rough-house techniques (borrowed from politics) that were new and unfamiliar; the message had been heard before.

Attachment to New Elements in Life

That last statement was not altogether true. The second reason why the Futurists were understood was that when they rejected art they did not, as the Dadaists so often did, adopt a position of impregnable but vacuous nihilism. Detaching themselves from art, they attached themselves instead to the new elements in life whose very possibility the ancients could not have suspected, to paraphrase Sant'Elia. Bundled together, those new elements added up to life in the mechanized metropolises of the northern hemisphere. The Futurists did not merely accept the fact that they had to live in the twentieth century; they volunteered to join it.

Futurist painting and Futurist poetry have a characteristic landscape as certainly as Impressionist painting belongs to the Seine Valley, or poetry-'n'-jazz belongs to the Pacific Coast. The characteristic setting of Futurist thought is to be found in those aspects of Edwardian Milan and Turin that could have been duplicated at the same time in New York, Berlin, Manchester, and Barcelona—even in Paris or Vienna. In so far as trams, electric lighting, advertising, railways, motor-cars, factories, covered markets, aviation, and so forth were international, the Futurists were internationally understood; in so far as these things are still with us, the Futurists are still understood today.

Their achievement was to identify, with some accuracy, how people were going to live in the twentieth century; and to indicate, with some authority, certain basic ways of responding to it. It may not be too much to say that anti-art has become a characteristic twentieth-century attitude because the Futurists made it so. Certainly, the range and percipience of their anticipations of later anti-art manifestations are startling.

To take it at its longest range first: there is, I suppose, absolutely no direct connexion between the true 'Beat' generation and the Futurists, unless by a long détour through the poetry of Mayakowski, who at one time called himself a Futurist. It may simply be that one touch of protest makes the whole world kin. But, on the other hand, the *Foundation Manifesto* opens with a nocturnal discussion on philosophy and poetry in a consciously weird setting, and continues with an orgy of wild and irresponsible automobilism that is like nothing else in Western literature except parts of Kerouac's *On the Road*, ending with a car-crash that is the pretext for a kind of secular mystical experience and mock-gossiping that again is very like.

This was Marinetti on his own, and the particular strain found here is not repeated elsewhere in Futurist literature, but in much of the Futurist output one curious anticipation of hipsterism persists—the preoccupation with night people. The *Foundation Manifesto*, as I said, begins at night and its first major visual image is of a brightly lit tram plunging past in the darkness. Marinetti identifies himself and his friends as alone with the stokers of ships and trains and 'the gesturing drunks who flap uncertainly along the walls of the city': one thinks of the weirdies that Kerouac seems always to meet wandering and muttering in the small hours. The night people are in Boccioni, too, in his paintings of tarts under the lights of the Piazza del Duomo and incomprehensible scuffles in the Galleria, or in his writings—'we adore the waiter, and the playboy, geometrized by the black and white of their clothes, the glitter of a cocotte caught between the lights and the gleam of glasses . . . ' or, in his railway-station triptych, the figures in 'These Who Stay' are seen sloping off (literally sloping) through the rain across the asphalt of some badly lit piazza, submissive and huddled in their sporty raincoats.

There is plenty more of this, without going to the works of the Futurist poets with their *vers-libre* apostrophes on great cities and the marvels of technology. But with Boccioni all this has a peculiar significance. He was—with the possible exception of Antonio Sant'Elia—the most formidable mind the movement produced, intelligent, well-read, systematic; a mind different in its complexion from, say, Marcel Duchamp's, but comparable in range and subtlety. Applying his mental equipment to the art of his time, he codified and sorted out many tendencies that Parisian and German writers could handle only at the poetic level of an Apollinaire, the emotional level of a Herwarth Walden.



'The Street Enters the House', by Umberto Boccioni

He was easily the first European writer to propose method and justification for *collage*, and the use of new, anti-artistic materials such as synthetics and ignoble metals; his analysis of the art of Picasso leads him to a merciless demonstration of how little in Cubism was truly revolutionary, and he sets up against the formal, centralized composition of Cubist painting a field-theory of composition and space that is spectacularly in advance of its time. The compositional theory is best seen at work in Balla's abstract paintings of 1912 and 1913, rather than his own—the picture-surface ripples with energetic faceting from one side to another, the motion marked off by vertical (or nearly vertical) interruptions from top to bottom; and the feeling of movement is directed by sinuous curves that pursue nearly horizontal courses across the canvas. The space theory comes but in Boccioni's own work in sculpture. The verbal statement is in the *Technical Manifesto of*

Futurist Sculpture which he published in 1912: 'We must begin', he writes, 'from the central nucleus of the object as it strives for realization, in order to discover the new laws, that is, the new forms that relate it invisibly but mathematically to the plastic infinity within, and visible plastic infinity without . . . Thus sculpture must bring objects to life by rendering plastic, apprehensible and systematic their prolongations into space, since it cannot be doubted any longer that one object only finishes where another one begins, and there is not an object around us . . . that does not cut and section us with some arabesque of curved or straight lines'.

The visible sense of this is probably best seen as I saw it in 1954 when I finally got into that museum. The place was being cleaned, the exhibits were all on the floor, and suddenly I was looking down on Boccioni's famous still-life sculpture 'The Bottle Evolving in Space', seeing it as one never normally sees it, in plan; seeing how every solid and void started, one way or



Luigi Russolo (left) and his noise-making machine

Illustrations by courtesy of the Courtauld Institute

another, from the central axis of the bottle, suggesting its forms and spiralling out to engage other objects such as the plate on which the bottle stands.

Dead Ends

But Balla's painting and Boccioni's sculpture were both dead ends: not to mince words, Boccioni—as a revolutionary artist—was the failure of the century and at the time of his death, in 1916, he was painting Cézannes, near enough. In fact, the whole movement—as a movement—was a dead end, as every responsible historian of twentieth-century art has pointed out, while offering various reasons. Sir Herbert Read, for instance, has lately proposed that the reasons for Futurism's failure lay in the fact that it 'was fundamentally a symbolic art, an attempt to illustrate conceptual notions in plastic form. A living art begins with feeling, proceeds to material and only incidentally acquires symbolic significance'. I disagree with Sir Herbert's view of symbolic art, but that is not what I want to argue about here. What I cannot accept is the proposition that Futurist art was not felt. It seems to me impossible to read the prologue to Marinetti's *Foundation Manifesto* and not be conscious of how acutely the experience of motoring was felt, at a kind of split level, simultaneously of minute observation and poetic exaltation. It is impossible to look at Boccioni's 'The Street Enters the House' and not see how intensely the dynamism of a mechanized city had been felt, or read Sant'Elia's views on architecture and not see how intensely he felt the surge of a new kind of building, the vision of a new kind of city.

Conceivably, these feelings are not, to Sir Herbert, the true voice of feeling. To me they are the true voice of twentieth-century feeling. Boccioni was right when he said: 'The era of great mechanized individualities has begun, and all the rest is archaeology . . . therefore we claim to be the primitives of a sensibility that has been completely overhauled'. The type of feeling that is expressed in Futurist art, poetry, and philosophy is, for better or worse, the feeling of a mechanized sensibility such as did not exist before. Marinetti's tag-line, 'the man multiplied by the motor', is a fair identification of the characteristic type of inhabitant of contemporary culture. But when Boccioni used the word 'primitive' I think he put his finger on the source of both the splendours and the miseries of Futurism.

His generation stood on the very threshold of twentieth-century culture and they asked of it more than it could give them in its primitive state: to take one example that demands to be taken, Luigi Russolo's *Manifesto on the Art of Noise*, which appeared in 1913, lays down the programme for *musique concrète* in some detail. The manifesto demands an enlargement of the repertoire of sound used in music by the inclusion of noises produced by mechanical sources, and in two of its propositions Russolo draws very close to what finally happened in *musique concrète*. Number 5 suggests that 'we can change the pitch of a noise . . . for instance, by reducing or increasing the speed of the noise-source if it has a rotatory movement', and number 6 that 'it will not be by means of a series of sounds imitating life, but by an imaginative combination of these various sounds and different rhythms that our new orchestra will attain new and complex emotional sonorities'. None of this could happen as technology then stood: Russolo's team of *bruiteurs* had to make do with cumbersome hand-operated devices like giant klaxons. Not until the early 'fifties did tape recorders and electronic tackle at last catch up with the Futurist dream. No man is likely to live out a forty-year gap between desire and achievement and, in a sense, Futurism died—as a movement—of frustration and distraction by more easily soluble problems.

The 'New Sensibility'

But if they were wrong in asking too much, they were historically right in asking. They saw, as no one else outside the realm of technology and science could see, what a mechanized civilization should be able to offer its inhabitants. I said earlier that the Futurists themselves may have made anti-art part of twentieth-century feeling: they certainly saw it as the common factor of the culture of our time. In a vital passage of his book, *Pittura Scultura Futurista*, Boccioni demands the abolition of the art of

the past and then continues: 'We will put into the resulting vacuum all the germs of power that are to be found in the example of primitives and barbarians of every race, and in the rudiments of that new sensibility emerging in all the anti-artistic manifestations of our epoch—café-chantant, gramophone, cinema, electric advertising, mechanistic architecture, skyscrapers . . . night-life . . . speed, automobiles, aeroplanes and so forth'.

Alter *café-chantant* just enough to mean espresso bar (or even popular music, which Boccioni praised elsewhere), the rest follows naturally—'hi-fi', cinemascope, the lights in Piccadilly Circus, curtain-walled office-blocks—indeed the last four terms, night-life, speed, automobiles, aeroplanes, need no altering at all—these images describe the London scene into which we stepped as we left the Institute of Contemporary Arts those evenings in 1953 and 1954. We were at home in the promised land that the Futurists had seen afar off but had been denied entry to, wandering for forty years in a wilderness of disregard, their tremendous efforts brushed off, as Basil Taylor said in the first of these talks*, as 'unruly incidents'. No wonder we found in them long-lost ancestors of our own preoccupations, right down to the details. There is an extraordinary phrase of Boccioni's where he identified as his own the characteristics which we attributed to action painting: 'Gesture, for us . . . will decisively be dynamic sensation eternalized as such'.

The phrase accurately identifies the kinaesthetic quality of the paint-trails in a painting by Pollock or Mathieu; we recognized the fact, and saluted Boccioni as a great forerunner. What we did not recognize then, and has only occurred to me now, is that Boccioni also, probably, identified the subject we have all been talking about in this series, for the first time. I know of no earlier use of the word anti-artistic as a term of praise; in fact I know of no earlier use of the term at all than the half-dozen instances in the book by Boccioni I have quoted. He is the acknowledged father of art—anti-art.—*Third Programme*

The Telephone Number

Searching for a lost address I find
Among dead papers in a dusty drawer
A diary which has lain there quite ten years,
And soon forget what I am looking for,
Intrigued by cryptic entries in a hand
Resembling mine, but noticeably more
Vigorous than my present quavering scrawl.
Appointments—kept or not, I don't remember—
With people now grown narrow, fat or bald;
A list of books that, somehow, I have never
Found the time to read, nor ever shall
Remind me that my world is growing cold.
And then I find a scribbled code and number,
The urgent words: 'Must not forget to call'.
But now, of course, I have no recollection
Of telephoning anyone at all.

The questions whisper: Did I dial that number
And, if I did, what kind of voice replied?
Questions that will never find an answer
Unless—the thought is serpentine—I tried
To telephone again, as years ago
I did, or meant to do. What would I find
If now I lifted this mechanic slave,
Black to my ear and spun the dial—so . . . ?
Inhuman, impolite, the double burp
Erupts, insulting hope. The long dark sleeve
Of silence stretches out. No stranger's voice
Slips in, suspicious, cold; no manic speech
Telling what I do not wish to know
Nor throaty message creamed with sensual greed—
Nothing of these. And when again I try,
Doodling foolish in a draughty need,
Relief is tearful when there's no reply.

VERNON SCANNELL
—*Third Programme*

The Private and Public Faces of Darwin

By A. C. CROMBIE

WHEN Charles Darwin's elder brother Erasmus read *The Origin of Species*, he wrote a letter congratulating him on the *a priori* reasoning: 'It is so entirely satisfactory to me', he said, 'that if the facts won't fit in, why so much the worse for the facts'. Charles's response to this compliment is not recorded, but he must have been surprised. He had tried in his book to overwhelm the reader with facts. But his unscientific brother had been struck by one characteristic that indeed gave power to Darwin's argument: its highly theoretical form. A second characteristic that now strikes us is the kind of explanation used. This cut through all the qualitative diversity that was then making biological theory so unmanageable and aimed to be strictly quantitative and mechanistic.

A Problem for Historians

The fact that *The Origin of Species* succeeded in making evolution accepted while previous writers on the subject had failed raises a problem for historians of science. Neither the idea of evolution itself nor the theory of natural selection to explain it was original with Darwin, so how did he alone manage to convince his contemporaries? Some critics, in the nineteenth as well as the twentieth century, have looked for the answer in external circumstances. They have said that Darwin was lucky with his timing, that his book appeared just at the moment when his fellow scientists and the public were ready to accept it. They have also accused Darwin of playing up to public opinion, and of being unfair to the precursors who had anticipated all his main ideas.

To these unsympathetic explanations of his success Darwin himself made the obvious and just reply that scientists had been persuaded to accept evolution for good reasons, and that it was in the main he who had persuaded them. He had spent over twenty years, virtually since his return to England in the 'Beagle', collecting evidence to test his theories. His organization of the evidence was immensely superior to that of any of his precursors. He could also have said that effective originality consists not only in having ideas but also in knowing how to exploit their scientific consequences to the full.

One reason why Darwin remains fresh as a scientific author is that he was both self-conscious and self-revealing. He was himself intensely interested in the question of originality. He concluded that the art of discovery consists chiefly in the habit of always looking for causes and meanings of everything that happens. He was also intensely concerned with questions of scientific method and explanation, although in fact he formulated no systematic philosophy of science: practising scientists rarely do. But just as Newton had done, he left a trail of informal evidence, especially when forced to justify particular scientific conclusions, showing how he actually used ideas and why he believed his explanations to be scientifically satisfactory and the alternatives unsatisfactory. In Darwin's case the materials for studying these questions are all available in his correspondence, notebooks, and diaries, as well as in his published works. They throw considerable light not only on how his mind in fact worked but also on how he came to make evolution scientifically acceptable.

A Superficial Approach

One of Darwin's main criticisms of his predecessors—not an entirely just one—was that they had relied too much on indirect evidence simply for the occurrence of evolution, without looking for an adequate explanation. So their conclusion remained superficial. He proposed a different approach: first, to look for an adequate cause of evolution, and then to see whether this would account for the various phenomena concerned.

In the famous introduction to *The Origin of Species* Darwin made public a description of how he had set about this process of discovery. But he presents himself as a thinker not at all corresponding to his brother's praise. On the contrary, he claims to have been slow to use ideas until forced to do so by patiently accumulated facts. He describes how he had been struck while on the 'Beagle' by the geographical distribution of related animals in South America and the relation of living to fossil forms; how he thought these facts might throw light on the origin of differences between species; how, when he got home, he collected still more facts. After five years' work, he said, he allowed himself to speculate on the subject. He claimed elsewhere to have worked 'on true Baconian principles', collecting facts blindly, without any theory.

No doubt Darwin had good reasons for choosing to present this picture of his progress. It was a shield against the accusation that the theory of evolution was merely speculation. Certainly this was the usual current view of the idea. His published self-portrait also fits in with some contemporary ideas on scientific method: it was a picture of a great discoverer that gave public satisfaction. But it was largely false. In his private thoughts Darwin was a very different character.

Darwin's Contradictions

Darwin's correspondence is notorious for the number of contradictory statements it contains. But from his letters, together with the other evidence, it is possible to build up a well-documented intellectual biography. One thing becomes immediately certain. His ideas always ran far ahead of fact collecting. 'How odd it is', he wrote to one correspondent, 'that anyone should not see that all observation must be for or against some view if it is to be of any service'. And his son Francis, who worked as his assistant during his last years, tells us that his father 'often said that no one could be a good observer unless he was an active theoriser'. Francis goes on:

This brings me back to what I said about his instinct for arresting exceptions: it was as though he was charged with theorising power ready to flow into any channel on the slightest disturbance, so that no fact, however small, could avoid releasing a stream of theory, and thus the fact became magnified into importance. In this way it naturally happened that many untenable theories occurred to him; but fortunately his richness of imagination was equalled by his power of judging and condemning the thoughts that occurred to him.

The inner history of Darwin's discoveries shows that he was in fact driven to them all by these gifts for active speculation. His main problem was to give his ideas effective scientific form in which they could be tested. He describes in his *Autobiography* his intense satisfaction as a boy with Euclid's clear geometrical proofs and later with the logical form of Paley's *Evidences*. Shortly before he sailed in the 'Beagle' he was much struck by an incident that took place when he went on an expedition in North Wales with Adam Sedgwick, Professor of Geology at Cambridge. A labourer at Shrewsbury had shown Darwin a typically tropical shell found in a local gravel pit. He told Sedgwick about this, but Sedgwick merely said that someone must have thrown it there. And he added that if it really did belong to the area 'it would be the greatest misfortune to geology, as it would overthrow all we know about the superficial deposits in the Midland counties'. Nothing before, Darwin tells us, had ever made him so thoroughly realize that science consists of a structure of laws and generalizations.

It was in geology that Darwin first learnt to be a scientist. When he sailed in the 'Beagle' in December 1831 he had had no proper formal training in any scientific discipline. At the time this was not unusual but at first it was a considerable disadvantage.

The piles of papers he brought back, describing rough dissections made on the voyage, were almost useless. But he describes how having to work out the geology of an unknown area taught him the necessity of reasoning in advance and using predictions to guide his observations. He worked out his theory of coral reefs before he had ever seen a true coral reef when the 'Beagle' was still on the west coast of South America. Only when the 'Beagle' crossed the Pacific was he able to test the theory by examining actual reefs.

Revelations in Notebooks

Darwin's notebooks reveal that his work on evolution began in the same highly speculative spirit. Like many great innovators, for example Kepler and Galileo with the new seventeenth-century cosmology, he became convinced himself long before he had enough evidence to convince others. He first considered the question of changes of species at the very beginning of his serious work as a biologist, when the 'Beagle' called at the Galapagos Islands in 1835. He was then twenty-six. His attention, as he said later, was 'thoroughly aroused' by the way the animals and plants varied slightly from island to island of this group. Two years later he opened his first notebook on 'transmutation of species', and wrote that the Galapagos species and the South American succession of fossils related to living forms were the origin of all his views.

In this notebook he speculated optimistically on the unexplained phenomena evolution would be able to explain, and described the form of the theory that would give the explanatory power he was seeking. He shows that he was looking for a theory in which the whole production of all past and present organic forms could be shown to follow from given laws on the model of Newton's theory of gravitation. This was before he had any clear idea of what the laws of evolution might be. These 'laws of change' would then become, as he wrote, 'the main object of study, to guide our speculations'. Again and again in his writings he was to take Newtonian mechanics as the model for a scientific explanation.

He had already connected the problem of extinction with that of adaptation. Then in 1838 he read Malthus on the pressure of population against the means of subsistence. It struck him that under these circumstances different variations would survive at different rates. The result would be the formation of new species. 'Here, then', he concluded a famous autobiographical passage, 'I had at last got a theory with which to work'.

The contrast between Darwin's private and his confessed views appears strikingly in the years that follow. Privately he wrote out a sketch of his theory by natural selection and then, in 1844, his long *Essay* on the subject. In many ways this is the clearest and most attractive presentation of his theory. *The Origin of Species* follows its arguments closely, simply adding much more supporting evidence. Yet at this time Darwin was not only writing for the public, in the *Journal of Researches*, about 'centres of creation'; he was writing letters about collecting facts blindly.

Vast Labour to Explore a Hypothesis

In fact all Darwin's subsequent observations bore on very precise questions arising out of his new theory. The whole point of the vast labour he undertook in collecting information about the selection of domesticated varieties of animals and plants by breeders was in order to explore the hypothesis that 'natural selection' had produced natural species and evolution by an extension of the same process. As he wrote:

I assume that species arise like our domestic varieties with much extinction; and then test this hypothesis by comparison with as many general and pretty well established propositions as I can find made out . . . in geographical distribution, geological history, affinities, etcetera . . . This seems to me the only fair and legitimate manner of considering the questions—by trying whether it explains several large and independent classes of facts.

Far from being the classical example of the 'Baconian' he tried to paint himself, Darwin appears as an almost extreme exponent of speculative thinking. He became puzzled by various observations and always used hypotheses to probe the question with further observations. The test of his hypothesis of evolution by natural

selection was its range of application. He laid it out in the *Origin* like a legal argument, showing why its premisses must be accepted and what followed from them, stating the difficulties of the theory and demolishing them one by one. He concluded that a theory that explained so much could not be false.

Besides the form of Darwin's argument, the second characteristic that strikes the modern reader is his conception of the kind of material explanation of evolution what would be scientifically satisfactory. This aspect of his discussion of evolution was a contribution to biological thought as important as natural selection itself. Biology at that time was a field of confused issues. Darwin, and Wallace independently, made explicit the criteria of scientific explanation by which they judged all attempts to account for the facts. They took their stand on the model of physics and aimed to be strictly mechanistic. In contrast with biology, physics consisted of theories and laws that were testable and allowed no discontinuities in their field of explanation—they eliminated mysteries. Darwin compared his treatment of natural selection with contemporary physicists' treatment of gravitation, light, and the ether.

The theory of evolution by natural selection required two sets of laws: laws of heredity and variation, and laws of survival. Darwin and Wallace contributed the second, and for their law of natural selection they took an idea from the social sciences and then organized it on the physical model. Natural selection was a statistical law of the redistribution of matter and energy among competing consumers. It showed how increasing order would be automatically generated from unordered variations by the operation of purely mechanistic principles. Wallace compared its action to that of the governor of a steam engine. Thus the built-in responses of a Cartesian mechanism would lead it to multiply, evolve, and inhabit the earth. Darwin and Wallace each argued that natural selection, like a physical law, offered a sufficient and testable explanation of all the facts. Thus, if it were confirmed, no other kind of explanation would be necessary.

A Later Retreat

Darwin has recently been criticized because in face of one large difficulty, concerning the first set of laws required by his theory of evolution, he later retreated from this position. According to the views of heredity and the best reasoning then available the mathematical odds against successful variations being transmitted were overwhelming. He felt himself forced to admit that hereditary variations might be produced by the direct action of the environment, thus giving evolution a direction independent of natural selection. Perhaps it was weak of him to make this retreat. But it is asking much to expect him to have guessed that the theoretical solution to his problem lay behind an innocent-looking title in the *Royal Society Catalogue of Scientific Papers*: Gregor Mendel: 'Experiments in Plant Hybridization'.

When we remember the state of biological theory in the first half of the nineteenth century, it is easy to appreciate the force of Darwin's remark that the chief obstacle to the new ideas was that 'of looking at whole classes of facts from a new point of view'. Yet he also admitted that biologists were waiting for a theory in which all the diverse facts that were being accumulated would fall into place. He wrote to Lyell on reading the last proof sheet of the *Origin*: 'Looking back, I think it was more difficult to see what the problems were than to solve them'. The problem, as he saw it, was to make evolutionary theory quantitative and predictive. Natural selection is still, in fact, supported by far less direct evidence than most contemporary physical theories, but few biologists would deny its potential explanatory power. Not the least part of Darwin's intellectual success was that he knew what he was doing. Perhaps the most deceptive thing about his intellectual biography is that he reached his main conclusions so early. He was fifty when *The Origin of Species* was published, but he knew the kind of evolutionary theory he wanted by the age of twenty-eight, and he wrote out his first sketch of it at thirty-three.—*Third Programme*

The Prophetic Element by Sir Maurice Bowra has now been published as the 1959 Presidential Address of the English Association (Oxford University Press, 5s.).

**LIFE'S
QUITE
RELAXING...**

Perhaps because in many ways it's so much easier today. Thanks to new materials and better ways of making those already well known, there's more time to spare for everyone. Ten years ago, for example, washing and ironing clothes took up a sizeable part of the housewife's day, and mending nets was a regular time-waster for fishermen. I.C.I.'s 'Terylene' has changed all that. This remarkable synthetic fibre is as happy in easy-to-care-for clothes as in fishing nets and cordage, and its great strength and immunity to rot, sunlight and weathering are finding it new uses in industry every day. 'Alkathene' is another I.C.I. product that makes for easier living. Easily laid tubes of this versatile material, frost-proof and flexible, enable farmers to take water supplies to any part of their land simply and inexpensively, and the same plastic in the form of colourful kitchenware is lightening and brightening housework throughout the world. Wherever you look, the story's the same: new plastics, new dyestuffs, new metals, new chemicals of every kind from I.C.I. are saving time and allowing hard-working people everywhere the opportunity for the occasional, well-earned yawn.



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Letters to the Editor

The Future of Man

Sir,—In Professor Medawar's second Reith Lecture (THE LISTENER, November 26) he asked whether man could evolve radically, or be made to evolve radically in future. He continued: 'The answer, to be delivered with every inflection of impatience, is yes indeed'. May I ask 'with every inflection of impatience' what on earth this means? The word radical has a host of meanings. Which one is he using?

After all, the Reith Lectures are supposed to have an educational value. And as every good teacher knows, it is always advisable to use words of one meaning only or, if they have more than one meaning, to use them in such a way that there is no doubt as to which meaning is implied. I listened to Professor Medawar, and the inflection of his voice certainly gave me the impression that he had some particular meaning which he was applying to the expression 'evolve radically'. Is it possible that the question he was asking was simply 'Can man evolve or be made to evolve further?'

Yours, etc.,

Manchester, 13 H. GRAHAM CANNON

The Machinery Makers

Sir,—Mr. Melman (THE LISTENER, November 26) seemed pleased with the Ordjonikidze factories' 'impressive performance' in assembling automatic lathes at the rate of one a day. Ten years ago, readers of *The Machinist and Metal-working Production* noted that a Redditch factory was producing intricate fully automatic lathes at double this rate, using line assembly and other techniques later 'discovered' by our friends overseas. So much for 'the failure of technological efficiency' in this country's machine producing industries.

Many years ago Henry Ford said that his customers could have any colour car they liked—providing it was black. No doubt the machine-tool buyers in Russia can have any automatic they like providing it comes from the Ordjonikidze works.

Such is not the case in this country, and when Mr. Melman mentions the 'fluctuations of the machine-tool markets, which have made mass-producing firms vulnerable to large losses during periods of low production', he is at the heart of the matter. As for 'the managers of the machine-tool industry developing an ideology for justifying small-quantity, small-plant operations', in our economy this can be a virtue born of necessity. However, given the necessary orders on their books and no countermands in the form of government-restricted export lists which have in the past denied us the very markets the Soviet is exploiting, Mr. Melman can rest assured that our machine-tool industry is quite capable of doing anything that the 'government feather-bedded' Soviet industry can do.

Yours, etc.,

Redditch FRANK RANDALL

Filling the Gaps

Sir,—Mr. Basil Taylor quoted in 'Did You Hear That?' in THE LISTENER of November 26, makes the surprising statement: 'London is

also short of Cézannes . . .'. This is of interest because it is symptomatic of London's apparently general neglect of the magnificent series of Impressionist and Post-Impressionist paintings in the Courtauld Collection, which is shown to the public in London University's new gallery in Woburn Square.

Here, in pleasant surroundings sufficiently domestic in scale to encourage full enjoyment, is a wall containing a group of seven paintings by Cézanne, which it would be hard to better in any other public gallery in western Europe. With four at the Tate and one at the National Gallery, this gives a total of twelve Cézanne paintings in public collections in London. More would no doubt be welcome, but a dozen paintings of the quality of these twelve can hardly be said to constitute a Cézanne shortage.

Yours, etc.,

Edinburgh, 12

DAVID BAXANDALL

Art—anti-Art

Sir,—The series 'Art—anti-Art' should prove one of the most interesting inquiries relevant to some understanding of the predicament of the artist of our time. In particular as the focus is largely on the plastic arts which suffer from being the least well served by systematic inquiry and for this reason in particular the series is to be welcomed.

In the attempt to cover the topic *vis-à-vis* the plastic arts one facet is, I think, about to be missed out. We have it from Duchamp that in any discussion of this sort we will have to define our terms and in particular make clear what we mean by art before we can be clear as to what can be understood by anti-art.

The omission I have in mind is that of artists in our time who have cast doubt on the future of fine art. This category would include those artists who felt that the easel painting and the candlestick sculpture were dethroned and an anachronism and those that actually declared themselves against fine art believing it to have died on account of having reached the end of its usefulness.

The first attitude, the restricted doctrine, can be found in the writings of the De Styl artists and the constructivists, the second pronouncement was made by the constructivist Vladimir Tatlin by his followers in the 'Productivist Manifesto' of 1921.

Two years later the non-objectivist Alexander Rodchenko painted three canvases, one red, one blue, one yellow, and announced 'the death of art'.

There are then artists who are anti-art where art to them means any continuation of the orthodox convention of making art works (*i.e.*, paintings and sculptures) and there are those who put forward historicist arguments to show that there is no possibility of a valid extension of the orthodox concept of fine art or of finding a substitute development (amongst thinkers, Spengler held this view).

One course open to an artist today is to pursue a doctrinal approach held either emotionally or intellectually, or both, that commits him to the belief that ninety-nine per cent. of all that is sanctioned as art is nothing of the

kind (amongst thinkers this view was voiced by Shaw).

To be against ninety-nine per cent. of art being produced is a reasonable attitude for an artist, more reasonable than attempting to exist as an artist against all art, be it by arguing that the artist must turn to other more socially integrated work (Tatlin) or by producing art works whose purpose is to cast doubt on the concept of art as traditionally held (Duchamp).

The possibilities that confront a thinking artist would seem to be (1) attempting to adjust a concept of art from some other epoch to our own times and attempting to justify it (*e.g.*, the *fin de siècle*); (2) redefining and so producing a new concept; (3) declaring the matter irreconcilable with our present age. Some mention then of the period 1920-1923 in Russia would seem to be called for and it is no less paradoxical to pay homage to the efforts of Tatlin and Rodchenko and others to bury art.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

ANTHONY HILL

Old and New in Istanbul

Sir,—I was very interested to read Mr. Gishford's talk on Istanbul (THE LISTENER, November 26). I was told by Turkish friends, when visiting the city, that the Victorian clocks in the mosques were a present from Queen Victoria to the reigning Sultan, perhaps as a gesture of British support for Mohammedan rule against the Tsarist Orthodoxy threatening to supplant it.

Yours, etc.,

Oxford

A. C. R. WHEELER

John Dowland and Marenzio

Sir,—It is a pity to find so authoritative a scholar as Mr. Jeremy Noble perpetuating a musical myth (THE LISTENER, November 19). Despite the pronouncements of successive editions of *Grove*, including the most recent, an examination of the evidence makes it quite clear that John Dowland did not in fact reach Rome on his travels, or even meet (let alone study with) Marenzio. He withdrew from Italy in indecent haste after contact at Florence with recusant Catholics, of whose activities he subsequently informed Sir Robert Cecil.

The letter from Marenzio upon which the assumption of direct contact has been made appeared in the introduction to his *First Book of Ayres* (1597) as an advertising gimmick—a fact which adds weight to Mr. Noble's appraisal of the esteem in which Englishmen held Marenzio. In his introduction Dowland refers to 'sundry letters' he had received from Marenzio (then at Rome) but does not mention the city at all when listing his Italian itinerary.

This does not, I hasten to point out, invalidate Mr. Noble's argument. Dowland certainly intended to study with Marenzio, as his letter to Cecil from Nuremberg states, but in the event he did not consider it prudent to continue to Rome, where his life might well have been in danger.—Yours, etc.,

Greenford

BRIAN RICHARDSON

Round the London Art Galleries

By ALAN CLUTTON-BROCK

WHEN painting runs in his family, as with the Pissarros, the Giacomettis or the Nicholsons, the artist must always have a difficult decision to make at the outset of his career, whether to go on in the way of his father or grandfather, or whether to strike out in a new style. Pierre Roussel, whose paintings are shown at the Lefevre Gallery, is the grandson of K. X. Roussel and the grand-nephew of Vuillard, and he has made his decision without the slightest hesitation or compromise; he was born in 1927 but he paints almost exactly as if he belonged to his grandfather's generation.

The obvious thing to say about such an extremely conservative choice is that it is unadventurous; but perhaps it really takes more courage, and it could be a better way of developing a talent, than if the artist were to follow some current style of his own time. For an artist of overwhelming originality this problem would not, of course, arise; whether he began by working in an old or a new manner he would have something entirely individual to say. But most artists are not so endowed, and there is a chance that a more advanced style, which will always tempt both the artist and his public to concentrate on superficial novelties, may be more of a uniform, and more constricting, than grandfather's old clothes. There is also the point that there are at present far more action paintings about the place than works in the style of Vuillard or Bonnard, so that anyone who might happen to want a change may be recommended, paradoxically enough, to visit Pierre Roussel's exhibition.

These paintings are certainly not *pastiches* or exercises in a language so unfamiliar that it cannot be used with the subtlety of those who speak their native tongue. A slavish imitator of the *intimistes* would certainly try to reproduce first and foremost their most obvious charm, the web of opalescent colour which they cast over the most everyday objects; but Pierre Roussel's colour, and especially the strong yellows of some of his landscapes, can be disconcerting. On the other hand he has an understanding of the structure of forms and also that feeling for the individual character of people and places which is an essential part of the *intimiste* vision. He is at his best in some of his still-life paintings or in such a work as the interior, painted almost in

monochrome, which includes a most sympathetic portrait of Toupiller the frame-maker.

Modern Italian painters and sculptors like Marini and Greco have generally been much less anxious to keep up with the times than their contemporaries in other countries, and Giovanni Barbisan, whose paintings are shown at the Leicester Galleries, is another artist who seems

technique has an obvious resemblance to the methods of Chinese landscape painters, and some of Anne Madden's pictures have much the same effect of sublimated romanticism.

The small paintings of Georges Cotos, also at the Leicester Galleries, are painted in transparent colours on a very shiny surface and look rather like enamels. His subjects are hardly what one

would expect of a miniaturist; they are mostly imaginary landscapes, rather in the manner of Kandinsky's early works, which look as if they might belong to another planet.

A memorial exhibition of the work of Anthony Devas at Agnew's Gallery may serve to correct a general impression that he began by adopting the strict principles of the Euston Road school but later sought popularity with easy-going portraits. In so far as the Euston Roaders owed a little to Tonks, he did as a very young man see more or less eye to eye with them; but though the earliest works shown here, the paintings of his early twenties, may have some charm, they cannot be described as either disciplined or earnest.

At the Hanover Gallery there are several large abstractions by Stefan Knapp which make a forcible impression; there is an intricate and exact balance of forms, but no effect of excessive calculation to detract from their vitality. What they do seem to lack is concentration, and for this reason Knapp's talent is seen at its best in his smaller canvases, which are seductively rich in colour.

The Redfern Gallery has a large exhibition of coloured lithographs by Joan Miró—these are particularly interesting—Raoul Dufy, Matisse, and others. A Christmas-present exhibition at Roland Browse and Delbanco's is well worth visiting even if one is not in the habit of spending hundreds of pounds on a Christmas card; there is a beautiful drawing by Géricault and good small pictures by Sickert, Boudin, Herman, Thomas Churchyard, and many others. A. S. G. Butler, an architect and author, shows some lively, vigorous, and swiftly executed landscape drawings at the Adams Gallery.

In *Joan Miró* (Lund Humphries, £3) Walter Erben describes meetings with the artist, and gives a survey of his work and of the art and landscape of his Catalonian homeland. The book is well illustrated with photographs of Miró at work and with reproductions of his pictures, some of them in colour.



'Portrait de Toupiller', by Pierre Roussel: from the exhibition at the Lefevre Gallery

perfectly at his ease in the climate of the past. He is above all a most excellent craftsman, drawing well but painting better, as much a professional in his technique as any painter of the Barbizon School, and, in some of his landscapes, content with a rather similar vision to theirs. His still-life paintings are apt to seem a little commonplace but on close inspection the quality of paint, the admirable workmanship, is always enough to compensate for the first impression that this is something one has seen rather often before.

Anne Madden's technique, in her paintings at the same gallery, exactly resembles that of many action painters. She allows, for example, little streams of liquid paint to trickle down the canvas, a thing which used to be considered a nuisance when it happened to older painters but which is now welcomed as a method of introducing an element of accident into the picture. But one often suspects that the artist has exercised more control over such accidents than he would care to admit—you can, after all, stop the trickle with a piece of cotton-wool whenever you wish—and certainly one must suspect that this has happened here, for many of the paintings resolve themselves on inspection into vague adumbrations of landscape. So used, the action



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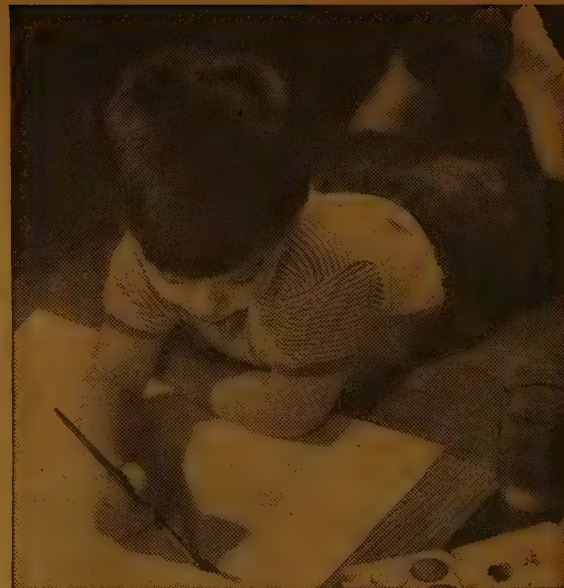
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Boom in Religion in the United States

By CECIL NORTHCOTT

I WAS in the United States for some weeks during this past summer looking at the life of the churches there, and trying to discover some of the reasons for what is called 'the boom in religion'. It is true that the people of the United States are going to church in larger numbers and more regularly than at any time in American history. Here are some figures for 1958. Out of 173,000,000 people, 109,000,000 are in membership of churches or synagogues. This is 63 per cent. of the population, and an increase of over 5,000,000 on the 1957 figures: that is a rise of 5 per cent. It compares favourably with an increase in the population rate of just over 1 per cent.

Here are some more figures provided by the Research Bureau of the National Council of Churches. The membership of the various Protestant churches is 61,000,000, the Roman Catholic 39,000,000, the Jewish congregations have 5,500,000, and the Eastern Orthodox 2,500,000.

One fact an Englishman notices in the United States is the absence of an established church. No church by tradition and usage has pride of place in religious life, or in the life of the nation. In numbers the Methodist Church is, amongst the Protestant churches, the largest, with over 9,500,000 members. Then comes the Southern Baptist with 9,200,000. The United Presbyterians and the Protestant Episcopal are almost level with just over 3,000,000 each. The two main Lutheran churches have 4,500,000, and the Congregationalists, now united with the Evangelical and Reformed Churches as the United Church of Christ, just over 2,000,000.

Simple Worship

What sort of religion is it? Basically it is the orthodox Christianity that in Britain we would easily recognize. It expresses itself in a very simple kind of worship in the Protestant churches, with simple prayers, hearty hymn-singing, and a recognition of the central place of the sermon in the act of worship. In the Episcopal Churches worship follows much the same pattern as in the Book of Common Prayer, and, of course, the Roman Catholic Churches have Mass.

In the southern part of the United States, in what is often called the 'Bible belt', there is a very conservative atmosphere. There, the printed words of the King James version of the Bible are regarded as the final authority in Christian affairs. There, the churches are facing the difficult issues of race relationships. They tend perhaps to be rigid and traditional and against change. In other parts one finds bold experiments. For instance, there is the gallant attempt of a group of young ministers in New York's Harlem to create a parish life out of the very mixed group of nationalities in that area. In Detroit the church is lively and alert in its relations with industry. One finds novel ventures in architecture and buildings almost everywhere. Last year the American churches spent the

immense sum of \$863,000,000, or about £300,000,000 on new buildings connected with their churches. When you remember that most of that tremendous sum was given voluntarily by people who are not millionaires, or even wealthy by American standards, you realize how much the Americans value their church life.

I think it is true to say that a great deal of American church-going is conformist or conventional. It is part of the American way of life. It is the right and proper thing for a good American to belong to a church and to go to it. Many churches in the suburban areas of the big American cities are what is called 'community churches'. They have developed as the community has developed, and have become part of the local scene, just as many parish churches have in England. Many of them have no links with any of the organized denominations, but their life is vigorous and very local. That sense of 'localness' accounts for a great deal of loyalty in church-going in the United States.

Parents and Children

Then, secondly, there is the family. Americans have an intimate and powerful regard for their family and the welfare of their children. In the public day schools the Christian faith is not regularly taught, owing to the doctrine of separation of church and state. This means that parents have to see to it that their children are taught the basic facts of the faith, and this accounts for the large enrolment in Sunday schools. Churches must be active with their education programmes and usually have one or two full-time members of their staff to plan and carry through the teaching syllabus. Two American parents told me that they let their children choose the church they would like to go to, and there they all went. The children were attracted to the church-school and so pa and ma joined up too. Reasons of denominational loyalty do not have the same value as in Britain. People pass easily from one denomination to another and no one raises even an eyebrow!

Many observers say that the fear of communism, which is widespread in the United States, drives people into the church. I think there is something in this argument, but it is difficult to assess for what it is worth. Church leaders have spoken out vigorously against communism but they have also been active in organizing visits to Russia and in pleading for a better understanding of the Russian people. I have found in previous visits to the United States that the theories of communism and a vague fear of what they meant occupied much attention. This time I felt the balance had shifted to a growing respect for Russia and what she has accomplished, and what she will yet be able to accomplish. Organized Christianity in the U.S. is resolutely set against communism, but it has, I think, helped people to take a calmer and saner view of the world situation.

Underneath all the outward prosperity of

American life there are many fears about the present and the future which affect the way people live. Most American ministers spend much of their time in what is called 'counseling'; or advising people about their personal problems. Some of the ministers are well trained in the techniques of psychology and are expert in their guidance. Consequently the church is valued for this service. I think that Americans are more ready to go to their minister or priest with their personal difficulties than people in Britain. As one man said to me: 'The church is there to serve its people'. It is there not only to offer worship but to help people to live properly. This means that the minister's office at the church is a busy place all through the week. People come to see him, and if he is a wise and understanding counsellor his church prospers. Upon the minister's skill in dealing with the people a great deal of American church life depends. It probably matters more in many cases than good preaching.

In moving about the United States you quickly fall under the spell of what I call 'Americanism'. This lively and stimulating continent has over the years created its own way of life. It is not an off-shoot of Britain or of Europe: it is American. There is a certain conformity in the way of doing things as there is in the structure of the cities with the four-square blocks, neon lights, chain stores and super-highways. The church is inevitably drawn into this web of American pattern. There is the financial budget of each church. It is skilfully constructed. Everybody in the church assesses himself to support it. There is the American type of worship-service which must not last more than an hour. There are the chimes on the church clock, the electric organ, the raspberry punch drink after service in the morning on the church lawn.

Part of the Good Life

The church, in other words, becomes part of the organized good life which the United States is enjoying. Americans want all the world to enjoy this good life which they believe is truly Christian. It is here that questions keep coming into one's mind about religion in America. In such a prosperous land, with all the abundance of this world's goods, can Christianity survive? Will it not perish under the weight of prosperous goodwill? Can you really be Christian and also be really wealthy in this world's goods?

Many American churchmen see the dangers of all this and are critical of the state of their church life. The condition of the Christian life is not necessarily worse than that of the rest of the world which is less affluent. But there are problems for it which perhaps do not arise for the rest of the Christian Church. They could be summed up in the old question about the rich man entering the kingdom of heaven. Many American churchmen know this, and are manfully seeking to use their prosperity and power for the sake of the whole Church everywhere.

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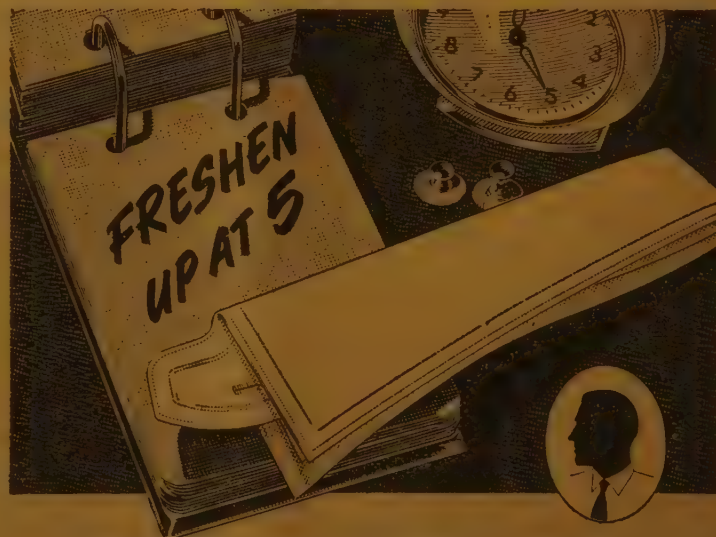
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American Trade Unions under Scrutiny

(concluded from page 960)

Most American trade unions have given their members these constitutional rights in the past, but when they have been violated by unscrupulous union leaders, the member has been faced with the problem of seeking redress through the courts. This is not always an easy matter, since going to law can be an expensive business; it is time-consuming and the outcome of litigation is often uncertain. Now any member will, in confidence, be able to send his complaints to the Secretary of Labour, who is empowered under the Act, if he is satisfied after an investigation that the complaints are justified, to ask the court on behalf of the member for an order making the election void. If the court finds that provisions of the Act have been violated it may order a new election to be held under the supervision of the Secretary of Labour. The union will still be able to defend itself from charges made by members that their constitutional rights have been violated, but members will now have the full legal assistance of the Department of Labour in seeking to vindicate their rights.

In the future, all unions will be compelled to file a detailed annual financial statement, and union officials must also report any personal financial transactions that might possibly involve them in a conflict of interest. Failure to report the facts truthfully may result in a fine of \$10,000 and up to one year in prison for those responsible.

In future it will be illegal for any union to employ persons who have been members of the Communist Party or convicted of a criminal

offence, except under certain defined circumstances, until a period of five years has elapsed since conviction. Unions will not henceforth be allowed to engage in secondary boycotts or to enter into contracts that enable them to call their members out against a firm that handles goods deemed by the unions to be 'black'. Even more important, a union will not be able to picket an organized shop or one that has legally recognized another union.

It remains to be seen whether these measures will finally prevent union constitutions from being violated, save union funds from being stolen, eliminate gangsters, and curb the designs of Mr. Hoffa. Much will depend upon the willingness of individual union members to take advantage of the law as it now stands; and much more will depend upon the determination of the Secretary of Labour to use the powers that have been given to him by the new Act. Steps have already been taken to establish a new section of the Department of Labour to handle the reports which unions will have to make, and to deal with complaints that come in. The Secretary of Labour is, however, left with a large area of discretion and if he does not choose to press in the courts for action to be taken, it is possible that the new law will bring about little change.

However, the Secretary of Labour is a political appointment, and failure to take action when scandal is revealed may well result in cutting short his political career. It would, therefore, seem likely that the Secretary of

Labour will show that he is determined to get rid of these elements which have brought the American labour movement into disgrace, but he will not be able to achieve the objectives of the Act without the active assistance of the courts. One can be certain that every effort will be made to find legal loopholes by the lawyers of union leaders who are brought before the courts under the terms of the Act.

The Labour-Management Reporting and Disclosure Act does promise to remedy some of the worst features of industrial relations in the United States. It also has implications for countries overseas. Though British unions do not suffer from financial corruption and are not a target for criminal elements, some of the undemocratic features that have disfigured union organization in America have appeared here; unions that are big tend to be bureaucratic, and there have been a number of disquieting instances during recent years of the rights of members being flagrantly violated. The suggestion has been made that the Registrar should be given powers similar to those now vested with the Secretary of Labour in the United States, to investigate complaints of violations of rule, and, where necessary, to initiate legal action to secure redress. Such a development would be contrary to the British principle of minimum legal intervention in the affairs of trade unions, but it could be argued that it might prevent any further developments which could lead to a continued growth of undemocratic and dangerous practices.—From a talk in the Third Programme

Bridge Forum

'Inter-Regional Quiz'—Heat II

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



THE SECOND HEAT of the 'inter-regional quiz' was played on November 29 in Network Three. The teams were Stockton-on-Tees, represented by Mrs. B. V. Maclaren and Mrs. C. A. Bosomworth; and Dewsbury, represented by Miss A. Armitage and Mr. G. P. Hirst. The players had first to answer five questions all relating to the following hand, held by South, the dealer, at love all:

♠ K 10 4 3 2 ♥ A ♦ K J 9 5 ♣ 10 9 3

These were the questions:

- (1) What should the opening bid be?
- (2) Assuming that the player has passed originally, and his partner has opened One Diamond third in hand, what should he respond?
- (3) And if partner has opened One Spade, what should he respond?
- (4) After three passes the fourth player, East, opens One Heart. What should South call?
- (5) South passes, West opens One Club, partner doubles, and East passes. How should South respond to his partner's double?

The answers judged best were:

(1) No Bid. Not good to open a minimum hand with a moderate suit, especially as the spades may have to be rebid over the likely response of Two Hearts.

(2) Two Spades. Essential to force now, having passed a useful hand that has excellent support for partner's suit.

(3) Three Diamonds. Again, to show the maximum after a pass. Four Spades is not a bad alternative.

(4) Double. Better, with this good distribution, than a simple overcall of One Spade.

(5) Two Clubs. The way to show a maximum in response to a double—a maximum, that is, consistent with an original pass. A jump to Two Spades, which would not be forcing, would not be adequate; better, Four Spades.

The Stockton ladies performed very well on this part of the 'quiz', registering 15 points out of 20, against 7 by their opponents. The Dewsbury pair recovered by better bidding of the following hand, with East the dealer at love all:

| WEST | EAST |
|-----------|-----------------|
| ♠ A J 9 7 | ♠ 3 |
| ♥ J 10 | ♥ A Q 9 8 5 3 2 |
| ♦ A Q 8 | ♦ K 6 4 |
| ♣ A J 8 4 | ♣ K 9 |

Mr. Hurst (East) and Miss Armitage scored full marks for this businesslike auction: One Heart—Two Spades; Three Hearts—Four Clubs; Four Hearts—Six Hearts.

The Stockton pair used a convention of the Baron system, West responding Two No-trumps to One Heart, to show a hand of 16 to 19 points. The bidding continued rather feebly: Three Hearts—Three No-trumps—Four Hearts—No Bid. That left Dewsbury leading by 17 points to 15, and that was the final score, for neither pair could answer the final question, which was, how should East plan the play of Seven (not Six) Hearts against a diamond lead?

Clearly, East must find the heart finesse right and the contract may still be made even if North has K x x x. To guard against that possibility, East must prepare to reduce his trumps in the hope of bringing off a 'trump coup'.

As he will need all his entries to dummy, he must win the first diamond with the King, cross to ♠ A, and lead Jack, followed by 10 of hearts. Then comes a spade ruff, a diamond to the Queen, a spade ruff, a diamond to the Ace, and another spade ruff. Now King and Ace of clubs, and if all has gone well East will be in dummy at trick 12 with ♥ A Q over North's ♥ K 7. Experiment will show that if declarer takes the first diamond on the table he cannot effect this trump-reducing play.

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

November 25—December 1

Wednesday, November 25

The Trades Union Congress accuses the Electrical Trades Union of 'consistently evading' charges of malpractice

An American firm of art dealers pays more than £250,000 for two Impressionist paintings at a sale in London

Thursday, November 26

The Lords discuss a proposal for commercial sound broadcasting

The President of the Board of Trade announces the setting up of a Committee, under the Chairmanship of Lord Jenkins, to inquire into the running of companies

The Electrical Trades Union denies the charge made against it by the Trades Union Congress

Friday, November 27

Mr. Nehru tells the Indian Parliament that any aggression against the Kingdom of Nepal would be considered aggression against India

The report to the United Nations by Sir Leslie Munro, the special representative on Hungary, says that there is increasing evidence of executions in that country

The Duke of Edinburgh opens Ghana's Academy of Learning in Accra and accepts its presidency for the next two years

Saturday, November 28

Conference of Labour Party opens at Blackpool where the reasons for the party's defeat in the general election are discussed

Britain and other Commonwealth countries, as a contribution to World Refugee Year, offer homes to a certain number of physically handicapped refugees

Sunday, November 29

Mr. George Brinham, of the Amalgamated Society of Woodworkers, is elected chairman of the Labour Party. Mr. Bevan winds up discussion on future of party

The presidential elections take place in Cyprus

Monday, November 30

Workers at eighteen electricity generating stations, mostly in the area of London, go on a twenty-four-hour unofficial strike

The Duke of Edinburgh returns from Ghana

Tuesday, December 1

Diplomatic relations between Britain and Egypt to be resumed at chargé d'affaires level

Agreement for cultural and scientific exchanges signed between Britain and Russia

Italian Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary arrive for talks with Mr. Macmillan



The Rt. Hon. Hugh Gaitskell addressing the conference of the Labour Party at Blackpool last weekend at which the reasons why it had lost the General Election were discussed. In his speech Mr. Gaitskell suggested that the party's constitution should be brought up to date as it was inadequate and laid the party open to continual misrepresentation



A playground which has been organized by a big London store to amuse children while their parents do their shopping for Christmas

Right: Dame Margot Fonteyn as she appeared in Frederick Ashton's new *pas de deux*, the *scène d'amour* from *Raymonda*, which she danced with Michael Somes at a matinée in aid of the Royal Academy of Dancing at Drury Lane on November 26



Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Chancellor of the University, conferring the honorary degree of Doctor of Science (Economics) on Sir Alexander Galloway, former Director of the London School of Economics, at the Foundation Day ceremonies on November 27. Her Majesty had earlier attended the ceremony





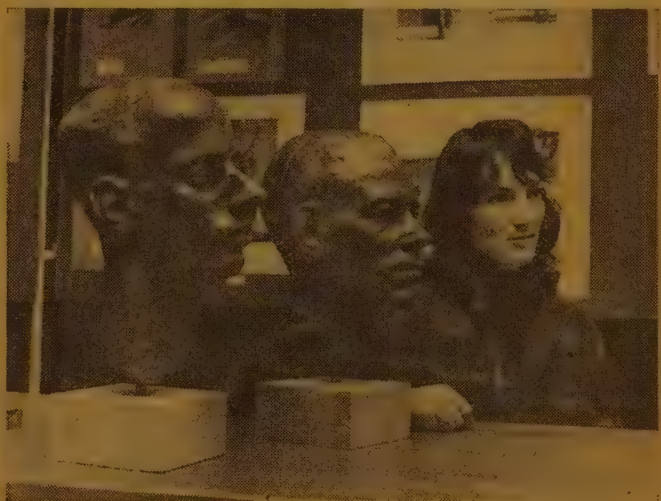
Princess Margaret watching a boys' gymnastic class during a visit to a dockland settlement in the Isle of Dogs on November 25



Sir Winston Churchill, who was eighty-five on November 30, arriving at his home in London last Sunday after driving up from Chartwell



Regent Street, London: a view taken on November 26 after the chandeliers, put up for Christmas, had been lit



Henry Grant

A student and her work: a photograph taken at the opening on November 26 by Professor Basil Spence of an exhibition of work in *ciment fondu* at the Building Centre, London. This new material enables many effects to be achieved in sculpture at a fraction of the cost of using traditional materials



'Is it worth the risk?': two birds consider the possibility of sharing a meal being enjoyed by Mischa, a polar bear at the London Zoo

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Christmas Books

Young Mr. Newton

The Correspondence of Isaac Newton. Vol. 1. 1661-1675. Edited by H. W. Turnbull, F.R.S.
Cambridge University Press. £7 7s.

Reviewed by J. D. BERNAL, F.R.S.

I AM glad my friend's paper giveth you so much satisfaction. his name is Mr Newton; a fellow of our College, & very young (being but the second yeest Master of Arts) but of an extraordinary genius & proficiency in these things'.

The writer was Dr. Barrow who taught Newton at Cambridge and had just resigned to him his Chair as Lucasian Professor of Mathematics. The recipient was John Collins, navigator, accountant, and civil servant by occupation and mathematician by inclination who was to become Newton's chief correspondent in his early years. The paper was 'De Analysis', Newton's earliest work, written some years before the date of the letter in 1669 and containing the germs of the Differential and Integral Calculus from which the whole of modern mathematical physics has grown.

The Royal Society has at long last started the publication of the correspondence of its greatest Fellow in this fine volume. The editor's task was a formidable one as Newton left after him over 3,000,000 words of manuscript of which a third are on reputable science, the rest being on alchemy, chronology, theology, and coinage (for much of his life he was Master of the Mint). It is proposed in the first place to deal only with the scientific part, and this volume will be followed soon by six more which will be a noble contribution to the history of modern science.

Professor Turnbull has performed his work admirably. This is not a mere collection of texts of letters that passed between Newton and his fellow scientists, but it contains also other letters referring to Newton which throw light on them. Latin letters are translated and all are furnished with copious explanatory notes containing short biographies of all persons mentioned so that in reading the collection we are soon at home in the world in which Newton lived and worked. The reader is helped still further by Professor Andrade's scholarly and witty introduction which furnishes him with a guide through the maze of the controversies of the time in which Newton was involved. In the presentation the Cambridge University Press has excelled itself, and produced a volume which, if dear to buy and weighty to handle, is most pleasant to read.

Newton's life's work marked the end of the period of brilliant hypotheses about the dynamics of the universe and the beginning of the systematic search for the 'Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy' which is still going on.

In this volume we are still far from the *Principia* which was only to appear in 1686 (under the imprimatur of Samuel Pepys). It opens at a point where the young Mr. Newton is just beginning to make his mark on the scientific world. However, and this reticence is characteristic of Newton, it was by no means at the beginning of his scientific achievements; most of his great scientific work was already done before he had reached the advanced age of twenty-seven when he obtained his Chair. Indeed, these letters show very clearly the truth of the statement he made in his old age about the time he spent at his native Woolsthorpe in the plague year 1665: 'In those days I was in the prime of my age for inventions and minded Mathematics and Philosophy more than at any time since'.

The letters bring out very clearly Newton's shrinking from controversy and even association with those who could not understand him and involved him in time-wasting disputes. He asks that a paper of his should be published without his name: 'For I see not what there is desirable in publick esteeme; were I able to acquire & maintaine it. It would perhaps increase my acquaintance, ye thing wch I cheifly study to decline'.

He is pleased to be elected to the Royal Society but soon resigns from it for reasons that have to be read between the lines and has to be cajoled back into it. At the age of thirty-two he

writes: 'I have long since determined to concern myself no longer about ye promotion of Philosophy'.

The letters themselves deal mainly with two topics, Mathematics and Optics, with only one tantalizing hint of the theory of universal gravitation. As to the first there is little that can be said here. Newton was a born mathematician both in the rarer creative way and as a sheer computer, enjoying mathematical exercises as recreation. This we see in his correspondence with the gauger Dary on the contents of casks, and with the mathematical table maker Smith. The only personal glimpse of him we have is in this connexion and is given in a letter from Collins to Gregory:

I never saw Mr. Isaac Newton (who is younger than yourselfe) but twice viz somewhat late upon a Saturday night at his Inne, I then proposed to him the adding of a Muscicall Progression, the which he promised to consider and send up. I told him I had done something in it, and would send him what Considerations I had about it, but his came up (before I serft him mine) without any Indication of his method. And againe I saw him the next day having invited him to Dinner: . . .

The optical part appears in the correspondence as arising out of the presentation to the Royal Society of a little reflecting telescope, one inch across—the ancestor of the two hundred inch giants of our time—which he had made himself; he was an exquisite mechanic and gives many details as to casting and grinding of mirrors. It is only some months later, after the telescope has been much admired, that he admits that he made it on account of a new theory of optics that he had evolved from experiments and that had shown him that refracting telescopes would always show imperfect images. This appears in the famous letter to Oldenburg, the Secretary of the Royal Society, who is, after Collins, his main correspondent:

. . . in the beginning of the Year 1666 (at which time I applied my self to the grinding of Optick glasses of other figures than Spherical,) I procured me a Triangular glass-Prisme, to try therewith the celebrated *Phænomena of Colours*. And in order thereto having darkened my chamber, and made a small hole in my window-shuts, to let in a convenient quantity of the Suns light, I placed my Prisme at its entrance, that it might be thereby refracted to the opposite wall. It was at first a very pleasing divertisement, to view the vivid and intense colours produced thereby; but after a while applying my self to consider them more circumspectly, I became surprised to see them in an *oblong* form; . . .

All this appears in his *Opticks* which he did not publish till 1704, forty-five years after the experiments. What Newton had come across was a new theory indicating that white light was not pure but a mixture of all colours. This view was naturally repugnant—it was to drive Goethe wild a hundred years later. Much of the correspondence is taken up with various attempts to disprove Newton's experiments and his deduction from them, all of which Newton answers with patient courtesy but with growing irritation.

Of a very different character was his controversy with Hooke, the Curator of the Society, the greatest experimental scientist of the time. He was unfortunately an inveterate enemy of the Secretary, Oldenburg, who from tactlessness or spite effectively embroiled them in disputes. The ground of the dispute was real enough: it touched a basic controversy as to whether light consists of waves, as both Hooke and Huygens maintained, or, as Newton thought, of particles. This was quite irresolvable, for even now it has only been covered up by the quantum mechanical compromise of considering it to consist of waves and particles at the same time. However, at length Hooke and Newton actually wrote to each other in a pair of most generous letters. Hooke says:

... I believe the subject cannot meet with a fitter and more able person to inquire into it than yourself, who are every way accomplished to compleat, rectify and reform what were the sentiments of my younger studies. . . . Your Designs and myne I suppose aim both at the same thing wch is the Discovery of truth.

to which Newton answers:

... you defer too much to my ability for searching into this subject. What Des-Cartes did was a good step. You have added much several ways, & especially in taking ye colours of thin plates into philosophical consideration. If I have seen further it is by standing on ye sholders of Giants.

The context gives greater weight to that celebrated phrase.

The contest between Hooke and Newton was, however, to break out anew over the inverse square law for gravity, but of this there is little in the first volume. What there is, however, is of surpassing interest. Three years ago Dr. Hall discovered in the Portsmouth collection some odd notes of Newton written certainly before 1669 in which he shows from Kepler's law that the centrifugal accelerations of the planets depend on the inverse square of their distance from the Sun. But Newton does not deduce from it anything about universal gravity, only that this is the reason why the Moon constantly faces the Earth and not the

Sun. That he was thinking about gravity is clear enough elsewhere, but he was still enmeshed in Cartesian notions about æther; as he says in his hypothesis on light, this æther may contain the 'gravitating principle' much as the air does vapours 'and as the Earth, so perhaps may the Sun imbibe this Spirit copiously to conserve his shining, & keep the Planets from recedeing further from him'.

Here also is the germ of Newton's central theological idea that was to have such a powerful influence, especially in France, in propagating the universal rule of Law:

Perhaps the whole frame of nature may be nothing but some various contextures of some certain aethereal spirits . . . condensed . . . into grosser substances . . . & after condensation wrought into various forms, at first by ye immediate hand of the Creator, & ever since by ye power of nature, who by virtue of ye command *Increase & multiply* became a complete imitator of ye copies set her by ye Protoplast.

This is the basic idea of a purely creative god leaving nature to look after itself which was later to underly the 'System of the World' in the *Principia*. It was a compromise with religion which served very well in its time. His letters show that Newton was as wild an imaginative thinker as he was an acute and accurate calculator. In both aspects he has entered into the consciousness of the men of the new world which he did so much to create.

Creation and Destruction

Kariba: the Struggle with the River God. By Frank Clements. Methuen. 16s.

Animal Dunkirk. By Eric Robins and Ronald Legge. Herbert Jenkins. 21s.

Operation Noah. By Charles Lagus. Introduction by Peter Scott. Kimber. 21s.

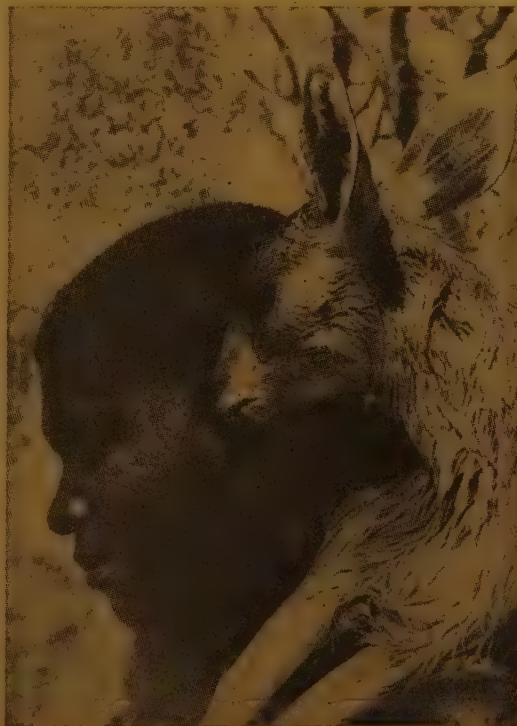
AFTER SOME EIGHTEEN MONTHS of laborious preliminary preparation the 'foundation stone' of the Kariba Dam on the Zambesi River was laid by Lord Malvern on November 6, 1956. Two years later the great concrete wall was completed and the sealing ceremony that was to block the flow of the river took place. This crowning act to an engineering feat prodigious in its conception, magnitude, and the speed of its accomplishment was performed in a curious atmosphere of lassitude and indifference. The chief designer of the dam, André Coyne, remarked: 'We are proud of what we have created, but there is also the feeling that something has been destroyed'. By the following day the river upstream had risen twenty feet and Lake Kariba was in process of formation. Today it covers an area of some 2,000 square miles. It is still increasing.

Indeed, this tremendous hydro-electric project, which is to supply the Rhodesias with unlimited power, was not realized without casualties, and Mr. Clements surveys the whole course of events in his sometimes exciting, rather over-loaded but well-informed, book. The main obstacles were four. First there was the primitive Batonka tribe, whose ancestral home and gods lay along the valley it was proposed to flood. 'Unlucky victims of progress', they had to be moved, by persuasion if possible; on the Northern Rhodesian side persuasion did not work, 'thirty-four Batonkas suffered bludgeon or gunshot injuries, and eight were shot or clubbed to death' before the tribe could be shifted.

Trundling off to the more civilized life that had been expensively prepared for them a hundred miles away, the Batonkas prophesied that their all-powerful river god, Nyaminyami, would 'never allow the white men to control him'—which brings us to the second of the obstacles and the sub-title of Mr. Clements's book.

Certainly the turbulent Zambesi then surpassed itself in a ferocity that seemed positively inspired. Storms and floods of an unprecedented violence hampered the work, swept off the newly erected bridges, buildings, and derricks and dealt out death as well. However, Nyaminyami was no match in the end for the real gods of this world, and the Batonkas had to find a face-saving formula to 'reconcile Kariba with the omnipotence of their deities'.

Trees were the third obstacle. Another important function of Lake Kariba is that it shall supply the Federation with commercial fishing, and round its shores 350 square miles of forest land had to be destroyed to prevent the nets getting fouled in the branches. This naturally unsettled the animals with which the Zambesi valley teemed; they were shortly to be unsettled rather more. If we term them the fourth obstacle, that is not to say that they were ever so regarded by the authorities. They were left to their fate. Their fate was, upstream to drown, starve to death, or be killed by the predators they could no longer evade; downstream to die of thirst. Two months after the closure of the dam a miscellaneous assortment of marooned and bedraggled creatures, some with their legs rotting away from long immersion, was seen clinging to whatever stood above the rising waters—the tops of trees, and islands tiny and large which were the crests of hills. The small band of rangers and their African scouts who observed them during the course of their duties took pity on them and started to rescue them, at considerable risk and trouble to themselves. A few have thus been saved, some 3,000 in all. The mercy work continues, greatly assisted by our Fauna Preservation Society which organized a subscription fund and is associated with the publication of *Operation Noah*.



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concentrate upon this story; Mr. Clements gives it a chapter, adequate and well balanced, in which the Rhodesians' conflicting views about the wild animals in their midst are put. When considered at all in Central Africa and elsewhere, they are generally considered in terms of purely human convenience, as economic assets or as various kinds of pest, as game (can that odious word not be abolished?) to be hunted for fun or for food, as fauna of scientific interest—seldom for themselves, as creatures with lives and problems of their own, capable of suffering, and potentially friendly to mankind. Even in their so-called reserves they are never safe from human greed; if these three books, with their touching photographs, move to active pity other hearts besides those of the unsentimental rangers they will have done a good job of work.

The Kariba Dam was built by Italian engineers with African labour and expert assistance from many other European countries. They all got on well together, says Mr. Clements, especially the Italians and Africans (rather too well for some 'mealy-mouthed' Rhodesians who were scandalized by the Italians' easy-going approach to the African women) and he sees the dam as a symbol of pride and hope in 'what Africa and Europe together can achieve'. Pride is not unmixed with guilt; as he travels over the vast man-made lake, whose practical values still await the test of time, he is sadly conscious of the innumerable drowned creatures and the millions of petrifying trees in the depths below, while 'like ghosts, hundreds of white butterflies hover over the tumbling thatched roofs of the deserted Batonka villages which still remain to be submerged'. But, as Messrs. Robins and Legge point out, there will be extra compensations; £3,000,000 are to be spent on turning the lake into the most wonderful tourist resort in the world, with 'modern hotels with panoramic views . . . luxurious "flotels" . . . pleasure cruising . . . pretty uniformed hostesses . . . music and dancing under the tropical moon . . . skin-diving and aquaplaning . . . steam wheel paddle-steamers beeting across the dappled waters . . . camping, caravan, and picnic sites . . .'.

J. R. ACKERLEY

Detective Story

Dickens Incognito. By Felix Aylmer.

Hart-Davis. 12s. 6d.

WHEN MISS ADA NISBET investigated Dickens's pocket-diary, in the Berg Collection in the New York Public Library, she hit on a code devised to tell Miss Ellen Ternan whether it would or would not be advisable for her to join her lover in America. The other entries, 'inconsequential single-line entries', as she put it, appeared to her without further interest: and it has been left to Mr. Felix Aylmer to bring out their meaning. They have led him to some remarkable discoveries and conjectures.

The diary had been examined previously only by American scholars, who could not have been expected to spot, in the flash of an eye, something immediately intelligible only to a reader acquainted with the English Home Counties and the railway timetable: 'At Sl: via Wat', or 'To D. from Wat (for Sl.)', or 'To W. from V', or 'Sl. from W. or P.' Mr. Aylmer hit upon the truth.

'Sl' is Slough: 'D' is Datchet: 'W' is Windsor. Slough is on the main line of the former G.W.R., the London terminus being Paddington. Windsor is served by the old Southern Railway, with termini at Waterloo and Victoria. In 1867 Dickens was making constant journeys to Slough. Why? Because before planting Ellen Ternan in the house at Peckham, he rented one for her, Elizabeth Cottage, at Slough, himself appearing in the rate-books under the name of Charles Tringham. And it is Mr. Aylmer's contention that it was here, on April 13, 1867, their child (or children, though I am very doubtful whether the twin theory holds water) was born.

All this results from a startling piece of detective work, followed up with exact, devoted, Sherlockian tenacity. 'Charles Tringham', as we learned from Thomas Wright of Olney (1934) was the alias used by Dickens when he took over the Peckham

house. That there was a child now seems indisputable: the most dramatic evidence is that of a letter published for the first time, from Dickens to a Dr. Thompson, dated 24 April, 1867. (This was presented in 1952 by an unnamed lady to Dickens House.)

I beg to enclose my declaration of the date of my son's birth. A formal certificate of his baptism shall be forwarded tomorrow. It has been applied for today: but has not been obtained in consequence of not being demanded within the two hours formally set aside (it seems) for that purpose.

Mr. Aylmer cautiously and properly remarks that in view of its provenance, question might be made of this letter's authenticity: but adds that no one who has yet examined it has done so. In any case, it must be entered in the evidence.

Now, however, a fresh question began to bother Mr. Aylmer, and one that could only have bothered someone highly sensitive to the meaning of names and to the reason why, when we have to choose an alias or *nom de guerre*, we reject one name, choose another. Evans, Eliot; Clemens, Twain; Dodgson, Carroll. Why? Dickens, Tringham. Why Tringham? His curiosity led Mr. Aylmer into further discoveries. The first turned up at Somerset House, in the shape of a birth certificate relating to a child called Tringham, born of Francis Thomas Tringham, house-painter, and Elizabeth Tringham, formerly Stanley, on May 10, 1867, at York Road Hospital, parents' address given as 62 Horseferry Road.

But in 1867, owing to a renumbering process decided two years earlier by the Metropolitan Board of Works, there was no such house as 62 Horseferry Road. A false address. Why? On further investigation, it began to look as if this were the Dickens child, registered under a fictitious birth-certificate. All the evidence, actual and psychological, seemed to bear it out. Then, like Sherlock Holmes in some unlucky moments, Mr. Aylmer met with a check. The Tringhams really existed, and were married on September 3, 1865. All moonshine? Here we touch trickier ground. But I think Mr. Aylmer has made something of a case for suggesting that the Dickens child was adopted by the Tringham couple and brought up by them. (The boy, whether Dickens's or not, followed the trade of a journeyman house-decorator, had two sons, one of whom died in the first world war, and died himself at the age of thirty-one.) He would, of course, by this device have been freed from the taint of illegitimacy.

Then, why Tringham? Mr. Aylmer suggests that the agreement with the adopting pair was made during Ellen's pregnancy and before the move to Slough. And that the simplest way for Dickens and Ellen to cover their tracks was to assume the name of the future parents. The answer reminds one of 'This man's father was my father's son': in choosing 'Tringham', Dickens chose his own son's name.

Dramatic enough. Then is that all? Not a bit of it. The child's birth is registered on May 10. On May 9 the entry in Dickens's diary reads as follows:

'At off: dined Ath: Lyc: (N. there too.)' So on that night Ellen Ternan was present at the Lyceum Theatre, where Dickens was also, after a day at the office and dinner at the Athenaeum. So the registered date was false, the real one being nearly a month earlier, and Ellen's public appearance a blind? Probably. I am prepared to think Mr. Aylmer may be right, if the word 'Arrival' in the entry of April 13, means what he thinks it means. (The whole of this part of his theory must turn upon this single interpretation.) It could have been done. Indeed, to the man who worked out the labyrinths of *Bleak House* and *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* such a Napoleonic piece of manoeuvre would have been child's play.

To give away more of the thesis would be (a) impossible, since it is extremely detailed and closely reasoned; and (b) downright unfair to the reader, who has an odd and enthralling adventure in literary detection lying here under his hands.

The tone of this book is scrupulously fair and humane, psychologically imaginative. If all fell out as Mr. Aylmer thinks, there can be no reason to suppose either that Dickens was particularly callous (though his remark about his wife being in 'an uninteresting condition', and his rapid dispatching of his legitimate offspring to foreign parts, suggest no great child-lover) or that Ellen was a slut. In that day and age, an age when a bastard child was

made to suffer the overt disapprobation of society, they probably did as well as they could for poor little Francis; it is only those without historical insight who will rush to cast the first stone.

Dickens was for many years the victim, or the beneficiary, of one of the most extraordinary conspiracies of silence ever clamped down upon a writer. Aesthetically speaking, he was its victim: it muffled his work, it choked the flow of scholarship, it made him seem not a greater writer, but a lesser one. For nearly

seventy years, until Thomas Wright came upon the scene, the Cheeryble enthusiasts, the post-horn blowers, the Fezziwig frolickers, had it all their own way. (Pickwick, what crimes are committed in thy name!) They clung round the waist of Christmas Present, turned their minds from the angular, hooded shadow of the Christmas to Come. But now we look into its face, and it isn't such a bad face, after all. Certainly it's an interesting one.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON

Religious Houses

English Collegiate Churches. By G. H. Cook. Phoenix. £2 10s.

ASK THE ORDINARY PERSON what a parish church and what a cathedral is and you will get a reasonable answer. Ask what a monastic church is and what the differences are between a house of Benedictines and of Greyfriars or of Augustinian Canons and Augustinian friars, and you may still get some sort of an answer. But extend your question to collegiate churches and most people will be defeated. That does not promise well for Mr. Cook's new book, the sequel to his excellent books on chantry chapels, cathedrals and parish churches. Yet he deserves success. He approaches his themes consistently as a historian, not an architectural historian narrowly speaking, and thus tells us a great deal about the very things of which the visitor to churches is mostly ignorant.

Collegiate churches need much in the way of explanation. It is not even easy to define them for what they are. Mr. Cook in his introduction sets out their various characters with admirable lucidity. What they

all had in common is no more than that 'the governing body was a band of priests whose duties were to recite the canonical hours, to provide for the care of souls in the parish and to minister to the spiritual needs of the prebendal estates'. But there already confusion sets in. Not all collegiate churches had prebends, that is for each canon a benefice or a portion of the landed estates of the foundation. In many cases the canons had to live on portions of the revenue of a parish church exclusively. They were then called portioners and not prebendaries. It is even doubtful whether churches of portioners ought to be called collegiate churches. On the other hand one of the oldest and mightiest of them, Beverley Minster, was in fact a body of portioners. Beverley, like Ripon and Southwell, was of Anglo-Saxon foundation. All three are with justification called by Mr. Cook pro-cathedrals (in the vast diocese of York). They are the oldest collegiate churches. The youngest date only from the last hundred or hundred and fifty years of the Middle Ages and of these many are no more than major chantries, while others are so essentially scholastic or academic that one forgets their collegiate character. This, needless to say, refers to the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge and such schools as Winchester and Eton. Teaching in fact was almost regularly part of the function of a college and often also of a chantry foundation. It preserved them from closure at the time of the Dissolution. What they did in the way of education is described at Manchester as 'ye reading, ye writing, ye sermons and all kinds of ye ingenuitie'. The staff

of the college at Manchester was a master, eight chaplains, four clerks and six boy-choristers. That is a typical composition which one can for instance compare with the dean, sub-dean, treasurer, five canons, six chantry-priests and twelve boy-choristers of Westbury-on-Trym, outside Bristol, as reconstituted in 1455.

Collegiate churches often had chequered careers, owing to ambiguities in their rules and privileges. Westbury is a case in point. It began monastic in 715, was resettled by St. Dunstan and again in 1093, was handed to secular canons about 1100, returned to monks about 1130, back to secular canons in 1140, made a college proper in 1194, and for a short time in the fifteenth century even became a second cathedral in the diocese of Worcester.

Manners and morals in colleges, like status, had their ups and downs. On the founding of Cotterstock in 1339 it was stipulated that members of the college were to be 'sober and quiet, abstaining altogether



The College Buildings, Westbury-on-Trym

From 'English Collegiate Churches'

from junketings, drunkenness, wanton ways, strife and brawling', and it would be reassuring if one could assume that the cloisters which were often provided in collegiate buildings were indeed exclusively used 'for the retired walk of the studious in wet weather'. As it is, however, visitations time and again reveal quarrels and immorality. At Bosham one of the vicars frequented gambling houses, another tried to kill the sacrist.

Vicars were an important part of collegiate bodies. Canons were rarely resident. Vicars-choral replaced them in choir in their church, vicars also in the parish churches belonging to their prebends. The vicars-choral were a corporate body too and were provided with quarters to lead a communal life. Their delightful street north of Wells Cathedral is the most familiar example. Residential parts of collegiate foundations have survived only rarely. The best examples that Mr. Cook can describe and illustrate are at Cobham, Manchester (Chetham's Hospital), York (St. William's College), Maidstone, Westbury-on-Trym, and of course Windsor. Remains are noted also at Irthlingborough, Wye and Higham Ferrers.

Windsor as a royal foundation was grander than any other, except for the royal academic colleges of Eton and Cambridge. At Windsor in fact the chantry character of the whole and of the small chapels attached to the great church was never revoked. Windsor was explicitly excluded from the Chantries Act of 1547. So masses might still be chanted there now and in the future or, to put it in the words used by Richard Beauchamp, Earl of

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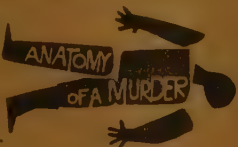
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Warwick, when he founded his chantry in the collegiate church at Warwick: 'during the Worlde'.

Mr. Cook's book is full of such references to the actual wording of documents. There are in addition an (incomplete) index, fifty-five half-tone illustrations and—a most welcome accompaniment to the text—thirty-three well-drawn plans.

NIKOLAUS PEVSNER

Some Christmas Comics

Hoffnung's Acoustics. By Gerard Hoffnung.

Putnam, with Dobson. 5s.

Vicky's World. Secker and Warburg. 12s. 6d.

Sick, Sick, Sick. By Jules Feiffer. Collins. 10s. 6d.

U.S.A. for Beginners. By Alex Atkinson and Ronald Searle. Perpetua Books. 21s.

The St. Trinian's Story. Compiled by Kaye Webb. Perpetua Books. 21s.

Giles Cartoons. Daily Express, Oldbourne Press. 4s. 6d.

MUSIC'S CARICATURIST, the late Gerard Hoffnung, may have vexed some solemn listeners, but in his playfulness there was surely something intensely musical. In this little posthumous book there are anthropomorphic images of sounds, as if the caricaturist was trying to act what he heard. In 'A Legato', 'A Pizzicato', and 'An Arpeggio' there is such a seizure of playfulness that the drawings are almost audible. It looks as if to Hoffnung there was always something verging on the ludicrous in the solemnity of musicians as well as in the self-indulgence of their hearers. See his harpist who seems to be busily knitting among the strings, his pianist carried away and violently beaten up by her fugue, his egghead listening angrily to 'Der Mond ist blutig ...' from *Wozzeck*.

After Hoffnung's silent fun with noise in a sphere apart from what is depressingly called reality, it is not soothing to enter 'Vicky's World'. 'A satirist', says Malcolm Muggeridge in his introduction, 'cannot but give offence', and this satirist, it seems, receives evidence of the offence he gives, but is in fact 'kindly, humane, and affectionate' as well as 'humorous, astute, wry' and 'obviously a man of the Left'. When he introduces himself into his drawings, Vicky makes himself look like a frightened, puzzled, goggle-eyed insect. And a non-political person, looking at these drawings and captions, might suppose that President Eisenhower is no more than a foetal goblin, Mr. Macmillan an ass and poseur, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd always silly and always wrong, and Sir Anthony Eden a rodent robot, wooden yet sinister. Satirists are no doubt drastic simplifiers, and although Vicky's heart is conspicuously in the right place—the place opposed to atomic bombs, militarism, vainglorious nationalism, and racial hatred and oppression—he may be too emotional to allow that a statesman he dislikes may be honestly trying, in the face of great difficulties, to steer towards the lesser of two evils. All the same, he can be painfully funny.

When Jules Feiffer's cartoons first began to appear in *The Observer*, it looked as if they might be an acquired taste. With the help of Kenneth Tynan's introduction it becomes easier to see what an original Mr. Feiffer is—a comic-strip artist out to explore character rather than tell a story, he has 'the ear of a novelist or playwright' as well as the eye of a draughtsman. Mr. Feiffer's characters are our contemporaries, perhaps ourselves, 'trying to justify themselves', 'governed by verbal concepts', and 'betraying themselves'. They have been observed in New York, particularly in Greenwich Village, and given a wickedly clever universality. He has fixed exactly the conspicuously attractive young woman who complains 'They're just after one thing; I have a mind too, but a lot they care!' And in many a conventional being lurks his serious little person who says 'Why can't I be an outsider? What I wouldn't give to be a nonconformist like all those others!'

This character links up with Alex Atkinson's 'beats' who say 'Nobody understands us. But that's not our chief misery. The day's going to come when everybody understands us, and it's going to be absolute hell'. His fanciful visions of an unvisited America have appeared in *Punch*. They are illustrated with some rich grotesques by Ronald Searle, whose widely famous revelations of life at St. Trinian's now appear in a lively 'dossier', with the help of some distinguished collaborators, including Robert Graves and C. Day Lewis.

The St. Trinian's Story is a far cry, and an eldritch one, from Kate Greenaway. Little girls are no longer made of sugar and spice and all that's nice; the gym-tunic is the uniform of a cruel and greedy assassin. *Le terribili collegiali di Saint-Trinians*, as an Italian newspaper has called them, have become a national joke, a household word, a riotous, horror-comic myth. It would be fatal to think about them, because they might not seem so funny. We learn, for example, that 'the atmosphere of cruelty and the smell of death' began to 'permeate' Mr. Searle's drawings because of his experiences as a prisoner of war in the hands of the Japanese. 'Unconsciously', Kaye Webb tells us, 'he was seeking to reduce horror into a comprehensible and somehow palatable form'. Siriol Hugh-Jones goes so far as to justify and proclaim Mr. Searle as 'a prophet of liberty and new self-respect' for the English schoolgirl. For anyone who may be hanging up black stockings on Christmas Eve, here is the very book.

Giles's Christmas album is also a national joke. This kindly, sardonic fantast of the everyday is the most warming and comforting of social satirists. It is a little sad to think that a cartoonist is subservient to the topical, and that some of his jokes are bound to date quickly and even grow obscure, but, as Dame Margot Fonteyn says in an introduction to this volume, Giles 'must be a very compassionate man'. He is regarded with affection, and there is not a drop of acid in his ink.

WILLIAM PLOMER

A Voice from the Past

The Skylark. By Ralph Hodgson. Macmillan. 15s.

THIS BOOK is a general release of the poems privately printed by the Curwen Press in 1958 in an edition of 350 copies. No other book of poems by Mr. Hodgson has been published since his first volume, which appeared in 1917 and immediately established his reputation as perhaps the most assured singer of his generation, one with a personal idiom that housed itself comfortably within the tradition. Younger readers today may know this poet only by the one or two lyrical pieces that recur regularly in anthologies. They may want to know that he was born in 1871, twelve years junior to A. E. Housman, a poet with whom he is comparable both in costiveness and technique. Both were content to use verse forms in an orthodox, almost academic way. Both filled those forms with individual character and a passion only the more patent by being savagely under control. They shared, too, a kind of gruff, almost curmudgeonly attitude toward the world, as of a watchdog chained to a kennel at the edge of his own territory. Finally, both are similar in having produced one collection of verse early in life, finding fame thereby, and then relapsing into a denigratory mood so far as that fame was concerned. Publicity was regarded by them both as something indecent, and they did all they could to arrest the growth of the reputations won by their small output of poetry.

In his old age, Housman released a second small collection, some of the verses in it surviving from his early years. Again Hodgson has followed his senior, and this collection *The Skylark* is the offering, in old age, made up of miscellaneous pieces, many of them, under the title of *Flying Scrolls*, mere snatches of wry wisdom or mood.

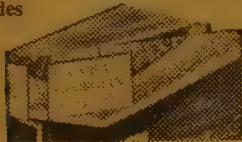
What has survived under this poet's relentless self-suppression is his humour. It has tintured all his verse, even at moments of grandeur and anger. It comes out in an image, or an abruptness of reference, or a sardonic aside:

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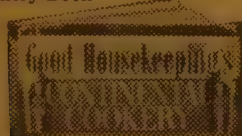
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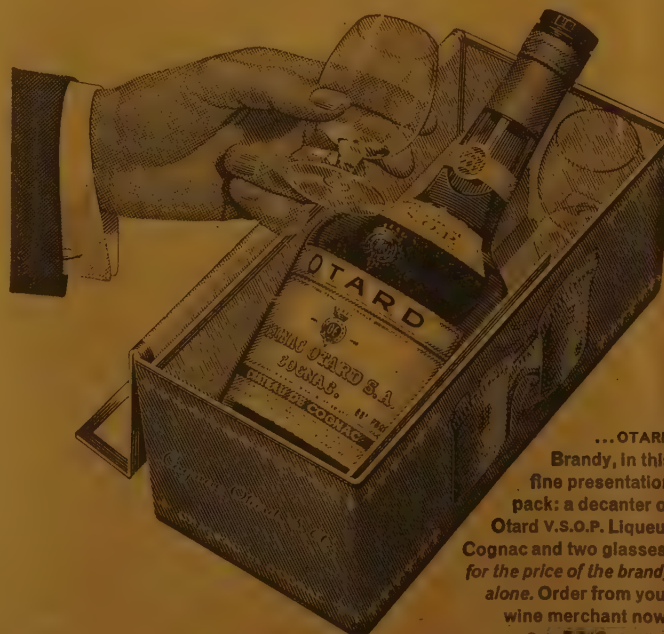
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I asked a cock blackbird,
 'Why did you choose black?
 —In the ages of old
 When blackbirds were new
 And questions of hue
 Began to unfold—
 With the rainbow to choose from,
 Why did you pick black?'

There is a latent jocularity in that approach to his theme. It recurs so frequently that it must be accepted as a personal gesture, almost an unconscious stance. It cannot be said to emanate from a study of the poetry of Robert Frost, for it is to be found in the 1917 volume, which was contemporary with the early work of Frost. These two poets have something in common. It is a *tempo*; they are both indolently observant, given to a habit of chewing over their experience and being content to wait until the other folk have had a say, before dropping a comment. But with Hodgson this slow-motion of the soul is always revealing. It gives the reader time to absorb every grace of the gesture, and adds significance to the gradual movement. Look at this tiny poem, and notice how much of human relationship, between man and wife on their silver wedding day, is deployed.

In the middle of the night
 He started up
 At a cry from his sleeping Bride—
 A bat from some ruin
 In a heart he'd never searched,
 Nay, hardly seen inside:
 'Want me and take me
 For the woman that I am
 And not for her that died,
 The lovely chit nineteen
 I one time was,
 And am no more'—she cried.

Another fact which younger readers may not know is that Mr. Hodgson has a double reputation. As well as his distinction as a poet, he has been a famous breeder of bull-terriers. I recall that W. H. Davies (a mutual friend) once told me that a walk with Hodgson in the New Cut, Lambeth, would surely be interrupted by greetings from devout initiates, in caps and mufflers, who recognized the Master in that special expertise. It is delightful, therefore, that the poet should preserve in this, probably his last book, a long poem called 'The Music and the Mastiff'. It is a long soliloquy, in tetrametric verse, upon the problems involved in rescuing a noble mastiff from certain dream-fostered obsessions. It is rich in wit, allusion, fantastic asides, and a deep-seated understanding of dog-nature and outlook on the knee-high universe. Lovely images occur, such as the reference to a spider as 'the little webster'.

Again and again, that characteristic humour soars up and breaks in a coruscation of jubilant happiness, such as we first heard in his great poem 'The Song of Honour' over forty years ago. It comes again in these later days in the opening poems of this book, devoted to praise of the skylark, his symbol for the unrestrained and uninhibited genius of pure song.

A later skylark takes the sky,
 A wiser world lies under;
 And still we put our wisdom by
 And give the bird our wonder.

But, ah! within our inmost ear
 Some pit of sense is ringing
 With new surmise that more we hear
 Than mortal skylark singing.

That wonder has not been drained away from this poet's vitality by the stream of the years, and the disillusionment of wars and a breaking society. He says again in this poem

Our dusts are one; we dare to think
 Us destined to one glory;
 For more: by faith alone we link
 Two chapters of one story.

That indeed is true. Mr. Hodgson's collection of verse, though but a small contribution in quantity to the canon of English poetry, are 'two chapters of one story' that secures his fame.

RICHARD CHURCH

Science Fiction

THE END-OF-THE-WORLD science-fiction story is an ancient form. Probably it was not new when the well-known example in *Genesis* was written, and it has been occurring sporadically ever since. Recently, however, with the whole proposition on a more practical plane than it has been since the heyday of an irascible, capricious Jehovah, it seems to have gone into small-scale quantity production.

Most of these modern prophets are as sincere in their warnings as were the ancient criers of woe, but their degree of success is also in accord with an ancient tradition.

After reading some half-dozen scare-'em-to-death approaches to the hypothetical World War III, one begins to wonder what it is that goes wrong; why it is that in spite of careful, and frequently ingenious, thought, and conscientious emotional restraint by the authors, the stories still fail to carry conviction that World War III, should it come, would be as any of them depict it.

Possibly we share with our predecessors a quality which may be called heedlessness, or steadiness, according to the point of view, regarding disasters, but a growing acquaintance with the imagined catastrophes of tomorrow leads to a feeling that the fault is somewhere in the transmission rather than in the reception; and, indeed, that the obvious apparatus turns out not to be the right one for the job. Gradually one comes to suspect that the H-bomb itself may be one of those gross overstatements that alienates a reader's belief, and, since it exists at the heart of the matter, the author is attempting an all but impossible task. Fear he can arouse, yet it is not the fear due to conviction; it remains uncertain, more akin to fear of the dark.

One perceives that the author may have been misled by appearances, and that the H-bomb, in spite of its dramatic qualities and emotion-rousing factor cannot make a satisfactory protagonist. Indeed, how could it? It is a *thing*, and stories are not about things, they are about people. The authors have not failed to understand this basic fact, and they have tried according to their skills to heed it, but the thing remains too big for them, too overwhelming, and reduces their actors to puppets. The Bomb cannot be the protagonist, yet it leaves no room for any other protagonist, so that it is, from a literary point of view, utterly unwieldy.

Moreover, it is either so devastating in operation that all is destroyed, leaving nothing more to be said; or it turns out to be not quite devastating, in which case the author finds that his warning has deteriorated into a modified success story about how-we-beat-the-bomb, and so defeated his intention.

The utter-devastation approach is exemplified in *Level 7* (Heinemann, 15s.) by Mordecai Roshwald who displays considerable skill in the difficult art of sustaining interest to a foregone conclusion. Nevertheless, it remains a paper ingenuity; very much a bomb exercise without bombs. There is no clutch of conviction that this is how World War III would be, and a strong impression that the arrangements for the conduct of the campaign neither would be, nor could be, like this.

The other type can be found in *Alas, Babylon!* by Pat Frank (Constable, 15s.). Here, the war catches the population on the surface, going about its daily business. It contains all the ingredients of the Civil Defence pamphlets—with the notable exception of the Civil Defence organization itself—and the land, again the U.S.A., is left ruined save for a few pockets of survival. It is a more readable story, but as a warning it is still less effective. In the nature of things it has to be written by a survivor; consequently the reader identifies himself with the survivor to feel: 'terrible as it may have been for everyone else, *we* got through'.

In *The Brink* (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.) John Brunner, no less opposed to the Bomb, has made a more successful attack on it by dealing not with World War III itself but with its near-occurrence. Quite commonly, to hone our razor's edge more finely, World War III starts by error, or accident. An ICBM gets loose, and the relays, like *The Fates*, go in. Mr. Brunner, too, makes use of this disquieting possibility. Reprisals confirming the start of World War III should have been well on their way by the time the missiles landed. That they were not, meant that the

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world was spared the war—but it also meant the discovery of a weakness in the defence system, one that must not be allowed to occur again. There is an uneasy quality of contingency about *The Brink*, and a weight of implication that makes far more impact upon the reader's mind than do the blow-by-blow accounts of the big collapse.

After all this, it is a relief to turn to Brian Aldiss's *The Canopy of Time* (Faber, 15s.). His is quite another sub-species of science-fiction: one of the branches which, equipped with interesting ideas, civilized habits, and a taste for words, has established itself up-country, not all that far from the Ray Bradbury territory. In this collection of stories we look in on the human race from time to time during the next few million years, and observe it in a variety of phases—all but extinct, spread out round the galaxy, in progressive moods, or static moods, but until the end the same old human race, sometimes funny, sometimes sad. Anyone who likes to see an intelligent imagination weave people and ideas together, and finish the result with craftsmanship, should enjoy *The Canopy of Time*, and there is one story, 'They shall Inherit', which, I fancy, it might not displease Aldous Huxley to have written.

JOHN WYNDHAM

Decline and Fall

The End of Empire. By John Strachey. Gollancz. 30s.

THIS IS THE BEST BOOK that Mr. Strachey has yet written. His style, hitherto somewhat ponderous, has become lighter, more elegant, more epigrammatic. His judgments on politics and history are surer, the further he moves away from his Marxist past. And he has chosen here a prodigious theme, of immense historical significance, yet one of which the British people are still only sleepily half-conscious.

This theme is the decline of imperialism, and notably the liquidation, whether voluntary or enforced, of the great colonial empires of the European powers. Fifty years ago, Hobson foresaw a world wholly dominated by such empires; yet in the fifteen post-war years they have all but disappeared from the face of the globe.

Mr. Strachey begins his study with a narrative account, given by way of an example, of the conquest of India by the British (several eminent Stracheys amongst them); he displays here literary and historical gifts of the highest order. He then proceeds to his first main question: do empires pay?

In analyzing the pre-1914 empires he broadly accepts the Hobson-Lenin position. Unreconstructed capitalism tends to generate an unmanageable surplus of capital at home. If the system is not to collapse, it must find outlets for this surplus abroad. Hence the heavy overseas investment of the pre-1914 decades; and hence the need for colonial domination to facilitate and safeguard these investments.

This thesis, convincing though it is *prima facie*, would need a more detailed argument than Mr. Strachey gives it. But the point is in a sense academic; for Mr. Strachey concedes that after 1918 capitalism began to change its nature. The purchasing power of the masses rose as a result of democratic pressures; investment at home consequently became more profitable; and the system ceased to depend for its survival on heavy colonial investment.

However, the possession of empire, even though no longer essential, might still confer large economic benefits on the metropolitan power; and Marxists and empire loyalists are at one in thinking that it does. Mr. Strachey examines this argument in the most convincing section of his book.

He considers all the various possibilities—that the imperial powers may be able to turn the terms of trade in their favour, that they may derive exceptionally high profits from colonial investment, that the present Sterling Area arrangements may constitute a disguised form of colonial exploitation, and so on. He concludes firmly that 'imperialism has ceased to bring appreciable benefits to the advanced countries'.

This conclusion is overwhelmingly supported by post-1945

experience. The metropolitan powers have been rapidly divesting themselves of their colonial possessions; yet so far from their standard of living suffering, they have enjoyed a quite exceptional increase in their prosperity. Germany, a non-colonial power, has maintained an unusually high rate of economic growth. The fact is that growth under present-day conditions is virtually independent of overseas possessions.

Mr. Strachey next discusses the possibility that Western European imperialism may be succeeded by either American or Russian imperialism. Although he finally rejects the possibility, he gives it, I think, too much credence; and his argument is here at its weakest. This is partly because his touch invariably becomes less sure when he writes of the United States (owing largely to his uncritical acceptance of all Professor Galbraith's arguments in *The Affluent Society*), and partly because he adopts a bowdlerized version of Professor Myrdal's 'principle of uneven development'. He believes that rich countries tend to become ever richer, and poor countries ever poorer, so that an existing giant like the U.S.A. is always threatening to grow ever more gigantic in relation to the rest of the world.

But there is no reason in theory or practice why this process should occur, at least as between advanced countries. Soviet Russia, starting from far behind, is already catching up the U.S.A.; it seems quite likely that Western Europe will eventually do the same; so, in the future, may China and Japan. Indeed the whole trend, especially with the spread of atomic weapons, is away from a bi-polar world dominated by America and Russia, and towards a greater diffusion of economic and strategic power. Mr. Strachey is here led astray by his tendency, noticeable in some of his previous books, to be dominated at any given moment by one or two over-simplified theories—in this case those of Professors Myrdal and Galbraith.

However, he does finally emerge, for various sensible reasons, with the right conclusion: that 'the world is now entering a period in which it may be possible for nations to live without trying to establish empire over each other'. In an excellent, hopeful chapter, he discusses the role of the Commonwealth in this new world; and his final theme is the moral obligation on the Western Powers to help create, in association with the Asian and African peoples, the conditions which will enable those peoples to achieve the 'take-off' into industrialization and prosperity. His book, full of liberal and perceptive understandings, is a definite contribution towards creating the right climate of opinion for this joint endeavour.

ANTHONY CROSLAND

Family Album

Queen Victoria: A Biography in Word and Picture

By Helmut and Alison Gernsheim. Longmans. £2 10s.

THIS IS A SPLENDID BOOK, and an important one. The authors are the leading authorities on nineteenth-century photography, and they have been privileged to draw on Queen Victoria's private albums. The book has at least 400 illustrations, all of them fascinating and half of them (it is safe to say) unfamiliar even to the many self-appointed authorities on the Queen and her family. The authors have brought out the extraordinary enthusiasm of the Queen for photographs—'I believe the Queen could be bought and sold for a photograph', wrote one of her ladies-in-waiting in 1860. That was at the height of the craze for *carte-de-visite* portraits, when the Queen was anxious to obtain photographs of the leading personalities in Victorian London. At the time of her death she had 110 albums, which included forty-four albums of family photographs, nine volumes devoted to the homes of the Queen, thirty-six volumes of *carte-de-visite* portraits and, rather touchingly, one of all the officers killed in the Boer War which she found 'too sad to be looked at'.

From these we can see what the Royal Family looked like after a Court, before a wedding, catch the pathos on the Queen's face when planting a tree to the memory of the Great and Good, gaze with awe on the Gothic wedding-cake made for the marriage

of the Prince of Wales in 1863, and peep into the rooms once graced by the Prince Consort and frozen in time from the instant of his death. We see the Queen's bed at Balmoral, with the photograph and wreath where her husband should have been. How little Strachey really exaggerated!

The discovery in this book which will surprise many people is the realization of the Queen's personal interest in photography. There was a studio and dark-room in the Orangery at Windsor, and though it has not been possible to prove that the Queen or Prince practised the art it is likely that they did. Many of the best photographs were taken by Dr. Becker, the Prince's Librarian, and by Captain de Ros, afterwards a general and colonel of the First Life Guards. The first likeness of the Prince Consort was a daguerreotype, taken at Brighton as early as 1842. Five years later the Queen records that she and the Prince sat in the greenhouse at Buckingham Palace to have their daguerreotypes taken. When she was photographed a decade later just before her eldest daughter's wedding, she noted 'I trembled so, my likeness has come out indistinct'. That was, as the picture reveals, only too true.

There are certainly depths of fascination in these illustrations, to an understanding of which the reader is helped by the admirable short biography of the Queen which accompanies each section. The task of identifying the minor figures in the pictures has been faultlessly done, and none of us will have any excuse for not knowing what the Duke of Edinburgh's grandmother looked like as a baby or what one of the Queen's daughters-in-law looked like when wearing the uniform of a Russian Uhlan. Perhaps the present reviewer might here indulge a personal confession. In one of my books I included a photograph of a group of the Royal Family which I loosely labelled 'Marriage of the Princess Royal'. The late King was quick to notice that it was not the Princess Royal, nor her bridegroom, nor a winter wedding, and that for a royal wedding Princes of the family wear uniform and not silk hats and frock coats. Nothing in fact was right. The photograph, mistakes and all, was reproduced in an illustrious newspaper on the occasion of the centenary of the Princess Royal's marriage. I recognize the picture in this book—it was one of de Ros's—with all the names correctly given. I blush with shame. But we shall have no excuse in the future for getting things awry.

ROGER FULFORD

The End of the Monks

The Religious Orders in England: Vol. III. The Tudor Age. By Dom David Knowles.
Cambridge University Press. £2 15s.

IN THE DAYS to come, when we professional historians are told that our tribe no longer produces the sweeping story and the majestic treatment, we shall proudly point to Professor Knowles's four volumes. In bulk they can hardly be much less than Froude's *History* or Macaulay's; written to more exacting standards of technical scholarship, they are also, with all respect, better history.



Princess Beatrice, the last child born to a reigning sovereign, photographed in 1857 at the age of three weeks

From 'Queen Victoria'

This concluding volume, which in many ways presents a greater challenge to the author's integrity and judgment, finds him never faltering. Is there any other historian alive who picks his adjectives with such care, or one so totally devoid of the least touch of sentimentality? Time and again one is left breathless by verdicts, especially on individuals, which combine precision, penetration and surprise in unembarrassed certainty. The relative values of Professor Knowles's profession march steadfastly hand in hand with the absolute standards of Dom David's.

By comparison with its predecessor, this volume profits from being written round a central theme. Though Professor Knowles first reviews the state of the Orders about the turn of the fifteenth century and adds a postscript on the Marian and Jacobean revivals, the bulk of the book deals with the great catastrophe of the Dissolution. In a field inevitably beset by ancient and modern controversy, he grinds no axes and settles many issues. He is equally severe on the apologists and the denigrators of the monks; on balance, both Gasquet and Baskerville are shown to be very insufficient and often more than careless. This account of the prehistory, the course, the outcome and the consequences of the Dissolution should end both the lamentations at the alleged fate of so many supposedly holy men and the over-ready acceptance of an upheaval whose worst effects were probably felt in the spheres of religion and art. Professor Knowles has worked very hard; if he has not made many new discoveries, he has absorbed enormous quantities of material from many scattered places to produce a solid, convincing, and very readable synthesis. All kinds of detail—ecclesiastical, economic, personal, administrative—are analysed and described with equal mastery. Above all, the work is his own in the most complete sense: every page testifies that the light of his contemplation has, by a species of photosynthesis, created a work of history and art out of often intractable entities.

History is not a precise study, and even in books of such quality one will find points of disagreement. Perhaps Professor Knowles would not have been quite so sure that the Pilgrimage of Grace represents an essentially religious movement among the common people if he had not written before the appearance of Professor Dickens's recent study of Lollardy in the north. Not everyone will agree that the Dissolution and the whole Reformation policy of the fifteen-thirties were largely opportunist; it is possible to see in apparent uncertainties and inconsistencies a conflict between personalities and the exigencies of administrative difficulty against which a larger plan struggled successfully. This reviewer will not be expected to agree that Thomas Cromwell 'based his action on motives of expediency, not of principle or of statesmanship'; the minister's mind seems to be underestimated in more than one place. Indeed, Cromwell's fatal touch even affects Professor Knowles's usually rigorous standards of evidence. A letter in which Cromwell is promised remembrance for his labours cannot surely be used to support the statement that 'we find Cromwell writing to the prior of Pentney' suggesting a bribe; and it is a small shock to find a quotation 'touching Mr. Cromwell's matter' employed to suggest the minister's corruption when the Mr. Cromwell in question was not Thomas (a peer by then) but his nephew Richard.

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dispute. Professor Knowles does not allow that those who conducted affairs in the fifteen-thirties may have worked for ideals of their own. Yet the tragedy only deepens when one appreciates that men of principle, as well as men of compromise and evil men, were to be found on both sides of the conflict. The butchered Carthusians were certainly martyrs; but it was (and is) possible to regard them as obstinately mistaken in the cause for which they suffered. Professor Knowles frequently stresses the materialist, self-seeking, unspiritual and uncharitable character of the age; but is it wise to place so much reliance on the evidence of letters which, by a law of natural selection, are bound to be mostly about business, and of which in any case quite a few contain odd touches of kindness, friendship, and even unselfishness? These are problems to which no definitive answer can ever be given, and Professor Knowles certainly makes out a very solid case for his interpretation; even those who cannot accept it entirely must assuredly go to school with him.

Above all, this great history of the religious orders gains its most individual distinction from Professor Knowles's fundamental tenet that the essence of history lies outside the facts of history itself. It remains his notable achievement that he should have written sound secular history while always aware, without strain or self-consciousness, of the spiritual realities which few other historians have any right either to question or to stress. He does both; and in doing so he leaves even the sceptical reader with a marvellous sense of ease. *Est liber homo.*

G. R. ELTON

Industrious Archbishop

Cyril Forster Garbett, Archbishop of York

By Charles Smyth. Hodder and Stoughton. 35s.

WHEN IT BECAME KNOWN that Canon Smyth was to write the biography of Dr. Garbett, the question was canvassed whether he would produce a sequel to G. K. A. Bell's *Randall Davidson* that would serve as a text-book of the modern history of the Church of England. What Canon Smyth has done he has done superlatively well, but it is a 'Life', not a 'Life and Times', that he has written, and for good reasons.

Dr. Garbett himself had expressed the hope that his biographer would try to give 'a picture of myself, with all my faults and failings: a Life is far more interesting when it centres on the man, rather than his opinions on public occasions'. In any case, the course of Garbett's career was different from Davidson's. Davidson had been marked out almost from the first for high office in the Church, and while still a young man, as confidential adviser to Queen Victoria at Windsor, had been closely concerned with high affairs in Church and State. Thus, long before he began his occupancy of the see of Canterbury, he was involved in the making of ecclesiastical history. It was otherwise with Garbett. When he was nominated to the Archbishopric of York in 1942, Archbishop Lang said to one of his chaplains: 'If you had suggested to me that that shy, awkward, gawky young man who joined my Staff at Portsea in 1899 would ever become Archbishop of York, I would have dismissed the idea as fantastic'.

The story of his life is indeed one of remarkable and unpredictable growth, and it is above all the gradual formation of a character that Canon Smyth set himself to reveal and has succeeded in revealing. Garbett, to begin with, was by no means an attractive personality, but he was always immensely industrious and he had an unusual capacity for rising to the measure of new responsibilities. He mellowed a good deal in old age, though to the last he was more respected and admired than loved.

While, however, the overriding purpose of the biography is to trace the development of his character, much light is naturally thrown on the circumstances which went to its development and in which his powers were displayed. From 1899 to 1919 he was successively curate and vicar of Portsea. That vast parish with its sixteen curates was then in its hey-day. The whole machine was organized with a disciplined efficiency that could not fail to leave its impress on its operators. It was here that Garbett

acquired the habit of ordering every day according to a rigorous routine: due time was prescribed for prayer, for reading, for correspondence, for visiting, and for preparing sermons and speeches. When he became vicar he imposed the pattern on his curates with an increase of severity. How they stood it is a mystery. They were scared of him, and yet he secured and retained their loyalty. He himself was a lonely man, subject to moods of depression, with a pent-up craving for lively companionship.

When he was made Bishop of Southwark in 1919, he had the opportunity of applying the Portsea methods to a diocese which needed the strong leadership he was now qualified to give. His concern with social evils, especially housing conditions, was also further stimulated. He was never a doctrinaire idealist but he attacked concrete scandals and was listened to by statesmen because, in this as in other matters, he always made sure of his facts. Again, it was while he was Bishop of Southwark that, as first chairman of the Religious Advisory Committee of the B.B.C., he began to play an influential part in evolving a policy for religious broadcasting. He and Lord Reith were equally apostles of the clean desk and they understood one another. Canon Smyth's chapter on 'Religious Broadcasting' discloses a piece of history that has hitherto been veiled in obscurity.

Dr. Garbett's translation to the see of Winchester in 1932 would have gratified a more ambitious and less industrious prelate. It was generally supposed that he had been put there in order to recuperate from the strains of Southwark with a view to his taking on the diocese of London when Dr. Winnington-Ingram should resign. Dr. Fisher, however, was appointed to London and it was as well, for Garbett's stern and forceful methods would probably have caused a furore. As it was, in Canon Smyth's words, 'Dr. Fisher cleaned up the mess without tumult and with the minimum of public comment, and nobody yet knows quite by what magic it was done'. Garbett, although for a time he found relief in the charms of Hampshire and of Winchester itself, soon felt frustrated because there was insufficient scope for his organizing powers; he could not find enough to do. This feeling was accentuated when the second world war restricted his activities still further.

The Archbishopric of York therefore came to him as a godsend. Not only did the diocese go far to supply his insatiable appetite for hard work, but he was now a national, even an international, figure. He had always cultivated harmonious relations with the press, and his carefully considered pronouncements on ecclesiastical and social questions received widespread attention. He was not a profound or original thinker but, as Canon Smyth says, 'he had an almost uncanny knack of putting into words exactly what the laity were thinking, and, what is more, of putting it into the kind of words that they would themselves have used'. The books that he wrote at this time, the fruit of his extensive reading, also proved popular. His eagerness to go on working and writing till the last accounts for his failure to resign when he had become not only aged but infirm.

Garbett was certainly a great worker, even if he was not a great man. His style of goodness may not be to everybody's taste. But this study of his life and character, delicately spiced as it is with perceptive and dispassionate comment, is just what he himself would have appreciated, and it will make him known to many to whom he was not much more than a name.

ALEC VIDLER

There is always room for more literary magazines; and *X*, a new quarterly review edited by David Wright and Patrick Swift (Barrie and Rockliff, 6s.), will be welcomed. The title is explained by a quotation from the *Oxford Dictionary*, which defines *X* as 'the unknown quantity'. This suggests a reaction both against the academic (which, however, as the editors admit, is 'not always the enemy' of the artist) and against literary journalism; and indeed the first number has the austere, almost nostalgic look of a pre-war *avant-garde* magazine, with reproductions of paintings by Frank Auerbach, a prose-poem by David Gascoyne, and a piece in French by Beckett. *X* looks as if it will make demands on the reader; but the presence among the poets of Stevie Smith at her wittiest and George Barker at his raciest shows that the editors are not confusing the serious with the pretentious. There are no book reviews, but a number of general essays on contemporary art and letters.

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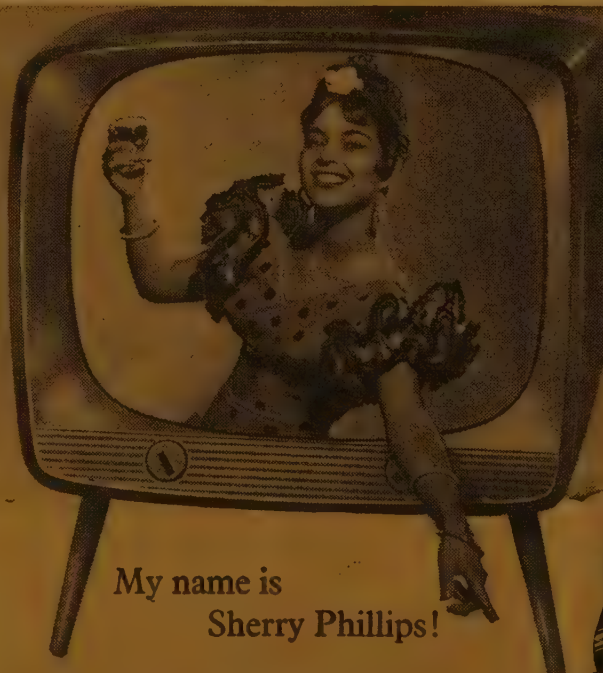
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Two New Novels

HERE ARE TWO distinguished and unusual novels, one Catholic and one historical, but both entirely free from the limitations that such labels usually imply. *The Devil's Advocate*, by Morris West (Heinemann, 16s.), is about the preliminaries to the canonization of a new saint in Calabria at the present day. *The Adversary*, by Jean Morris (Cassell, 18s.), is about a Spanish colony in America at the end of the eighteenth century. What they have in common is that they are both concerned with good and evil on the heroic scale. They are therefore very far removed from the saloon-bar or espresso-bar convention into which contemporary English fiction seems to have fallen.

The Devil's Advocate is set in the twin villages of Gemelli dei Monti, in the most desolate country of Calabria. An unauthorized cult has sprung up around the memory of Giacomo Nerone. The Bishop of Valenta, sceptical of the rumours and no friend to the excesses of local piety, has nevertheless ordered an inquiry; a possible Cause of Canonization is to be considered. Blaise Meredith, an English priest stationed in Rome, is chosen by the Vatican as Promoter of the Faith to investigate the case. The Promoter of the Faith is the official whose popular name is Devil's Advocate, and his function is to discover every possible piece of evidence against the candidate. Meredith sets out on his mission, and finds himself in the midst of a web of concealment and intrigue kept up by all those who have known Giacomo Nerone best. It is the process of unravelling the truth that provides the basic material framework of the book. This variant of the quest story—the search for the truth about an obscure and tangled situation—is always a powerful theme; and the story is in the first place arresting by the simple excitement of a mysterious character and a concealed chain of events.

But its great strength is that it works on so many different planes. Just before the start of his mission Meredith has been told that he is dying of cancer. He is tired and dried-up, has been a Roman official for many years, with no affections and few human contacts. The doctor's death-sentence wakes him to the realization that he has never lived. He undertakes his task in the mere dutiful determination to die in harness. But things turn out otherwise. In the first place he finds in the Bishop of Valenta a friend—the only real friend of his life. In the course of his duties he finds himself intimately involved with all of Nerone's circle; and in the end he falls under the spell of Nerone himself.

And there is more. There is the whole story of Nerone himself, and of the survivors who fell under his influence: Nina who was his mistress; the Contessa who wished to be; Aldo Meyer, the devoted disillusioned Jewish doctor; Nicholas Black, the dubious English painter. The characterization is admirable; we are in a world of failure and imperfection, of poverty, war and its sequels; but the characters are not degraded or dehumanized. They are not only drawn with great accomplishment; they are, we are made to feel, capable of acts of will and responsibility, of growth and change. Super-

imposed on the central mystery is a set of moving human relationships. And beyond that is the almost desperate Italian south—its poverty, its partial attempts at renewal, and the attitude of the Church and reforming Bishop to both.

Though it is intensely Catholic in its fundamental presuppositions, and outwardly concerned with some of the technicalities of ecclesiastical procedure, *The Devil's Advocate* makes hardly a point that does not validate itself in common human experience.

The Adversary is, I believe, equally impressive. It is a story of defeat, failure and chaos come again. The scene is a Spanish colony, corrupt and elegant on the civilized surface, with the lost, dark world of the Indians, almost unknown and untouched, beneath it. A new Viceroy arrives, a strong and virtuous man, who wishes to rule in honesty and justice. He loves the Indians; he himself has a half-caste son, to whom he is more attached than to his legitimate children. He recognises this as a bond between himself and the country, a sign that the Americas have become a part of his life. He is not in any deep sense a believer; formally Catholic, he lives really by his own sense of honour and charity. And he is not in the least unworldly or credulous; he knows very well what he is up against in the society around him; he knows the monstrous oppressions to which the Indians are subject, and the power and tenacity of the interests which live by their forced labour.

This might well develop into a novel of political and moral conflict; and in part it does. Miss Morris handles this side of it brilliantly. The sheer intrigue, the clash of interests, the plotting and the mysteries are all done with dazzling assurance. If this were nothing else it would be a splendid novel of adventure. I know nothing about Spanish colonies in America in the eighteenth century; but the impression of authenticity is complete. There is no great lavishness of local colour, but we are in a particular place at a particular time, subject to pressures that are indeed the general human ones, but appearing in the special forms of that place and that time. And the characters are such as would grow naturally from that environment.

In fact the novel develops along lines rather different from what all this would suggest. The command of history and setting, the power to create a profusion of characters to act out the complicated intrigue, are all there. But the Adversary of the title is not a human adversary, he is the Devil, the power of evil itself, embattled against all human good intentions. At first it seems that the power of evil is inefinite. A mysterious young Spaniard arrives in Quito at the same time as the Viceroy; he quickly becomes powerful; and he is involved in every effort to frustrate the new ruler's purposes. But he is only a servant of evil; when he has been used to strike a crippling blow against the Viceroy he is thrown aside. He is even won over by the single-minded beauty of his enemy's nature, and changes his allegiance—when it is too late. The Viceroy's half-caste son has hardly any character at all, except pettiness and greed; but he turns into a monstrous traitor; and it is this betrayal of love that brings about the father's downfall. We are surprised that it occurs when the book is no more than half-way through; for it has seemed as though it was the

Viceroy's story. But it is not. It is the story of his adversary. And when these two human incarnations have been temporarily employed, the power of evil moves on, and at last embodies itself in the despised and rejected, the suffering Indians, for whom our sympathy has been aroused throughout. The slow rising of the lost Indian villages, the *desheredados*, is a sinister and magnificent imaginative construction. I can recall few novels where the feeling of chaos as a positive force has been so strongly called up. Of the central characters only one—the one with the simplest loyalty and the least vision—manages to escape and to get back to Spain.

A disturbing story, presented with exceptional intelligence, sincerity and strength.

GRAHAM HOUGH

Books for Older Children



Illustration by John Verney from *Friday's Tunnel*

FIRST FROM the bursting sack, and without apology, I take *The Story of Jesus* (Puffin Books, 3s. 6d.), in which Eleanor Graham has combined the Gospels, adding some careful local colour, into a realistic and moving narrative, powerfully illustrated by Brian Wildsmith. Nicely produced as a story is the B.B.C.

(Scottish) nativity play, *This Happy Morning*, by Janet McNeill (Faber, 10s. 6d.). These, with the late Walter De La Mare's masterly re-telling, with Ardizzone's drawings, of *The Story of Moses* (Faber, 9s. 6d.), could be seen as a way into the Bible rather than a way out of it. On the other hand, Eleanor Farjeon's *Tales from Chaucer* (Oxford, 15s.), handsomely produced with illustrations by Marjorie Walters, ought to net a good many 10- to 13-year-olds who will never be caught by the original.

And so to the story-collections. There is certainly value in the 700 pages of *The Golden Treasury of Stories for Boys and Girls* (Gollancz, 15s.), which commendably preserves *Granny's Wonderful Chair* along with *Alice in Wonderland*, *Black Beauty*, *The Rose and the Ring* (all complete) and much else in prose and verse from Aesop to Belloc (families still in possession of Sylvia Lind's *Children's Omnibus* of the 'thirties should note that this is more or less a reissue). The unfamiliar arrives with *The Lion's Whiskers* (Routledge, 12s. 6d.), African folk-tales collected in the line of educational duty by Russell Davis and Brent Alexander; and with *Welsh Legendary Tales*, by Elisabeth Sheppard-Jones (Nelson, 15s.)—the child who gets this one, with its fine printing and Paul Hogarth's illustrations, will learn to love books as well as stories. From France, where they often do these things so well, come three animal-tales of literary quality: the re-creation of the medieval roman by Maurice Genévoix in *The Story of Reynard* (Hamish Hamilton, 15s.), happily embellished with André Pec's drawings; René Guillot's *Grishka and the Bear* (Oxford, 9s. 6d.), in which boy meets bear in a drama of Siberian tribal custom (illustrated by Joan Kiddell-Monroe); and *Elephant Road* (Bodley Head, 10s. 6d.), where the same author is in the African jungle of his reputation. The horse-

stories have surely all been told, and my favourite for the Young Ladies' Selling Plate is a mule, *Moonlight*, by Helen Griffiths (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.).

Every year some established author aims his special fantasy at the shelf that holds *The Pilgrim's Progress*, *The Water-Babies*, and *Through the Looking-Glass*. Arthur Calder-Marshall has had a go before, and now in *The Fair to Middling* (Hart-Davis, 15s.) he elaborates with much verbal fun a dream, an allegory, or just a profound wish that human incapacities should be transfigured by an ordinary but unsought experience. A number of handicapped children, and adults, too, move mysteriously through the veils of reality at the fair that comes to the village of Middling. Try reading it aloud to an imaginative teenager, for a reviewer must retire behind the superfluous observation that Mr. Calder-Marshall can write. In *Avalanche* (Puffin Books, 2s. 6d.), translated from the prize-winning Dutch of A. Rutgers van der Loeff, the heroes of a splendidly told adventure are the boys and girls from the Pestalozzi Children's Village. Mr. John Verney, using an author-daddy to help his girl-narrator carry the imbroglia, seems on the track of John Buchan (endpaper-map and all) in *Friday's Tunnel* (Collins, 12s. 6d.), where an international crisis over a new fissile material is oddly resolved under the Sussex Downs. Out of the rut also are *Jo and Coneys' Cavern*, by Valerie Hastings (Parrish, 9s. 6d.), with Mum running a coffee-bar, young nasties after lots of lolly, and young nicies to foil them at last; Dan Corby's *A Shark on the Saltings* (Parrish, 9s. 6d.), well set on the Suffolk coast and with all the right ingredients of adventure for a village boy, a perfect old wildfowler, a dog, a mysterious lodger and a wicked (?) uncle; Barbara Willard's *The House with Roots* (Constable, 12s. 6d.), a family home threatened by a new by-pass; and Rosemary Weir's *The Honeysuckle Line* (Parrish, 9s. 6d.), where the engine-driver and his son lead the fight to preserve a narrow-gauge railway.

In historical fiction Rosemary Sutcliff keeps her lead with *The Lantern-Bearers* (Oxford, 12s. 6d.), a big book, boldly illustrated by Charles Keeping, and with all Miss Sutcliff's flair for spinning vivid stories out of our remoter past—this time the Romano-British survival after the legions had gone. Lambert Simmel is David Scott Daniell's hero in *The Boy They Made King* (Cape, 13s. 6d.), but otherwise the Stuarts still hold their stricken field. In *The Hunted King* (Bodley Head, 12s. 6d.) Laurence Meynell achieves a fresh telling of the almost annual story of Charles II's escape. Philip Rush in *The Strange Stuarts* (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.) offers senior children history (not fiction) with portraits from Guy Fawkes to Aphra Behn; and here comes Rosemary Sutcliff again, down the straight from Uriconium, to overhaul the Civil War storytellers with *Simon* (Oxford, 5s.).

I am giving (and keeping within the family) *The World is Round*, by Frank Debenham (Rathbone Books, £2 10s.), a sumptuous example of the new treatment of geography, with lovely relief-maps, which seems to me irresistible between the age of 9 and that of Bertrand Russell, who introduces it rather solemnly. *The World of Science*, by Jane Werner Watson (Adprint, 25s.) is vouched for by Sir Lawrence

Bragg, lavishly illustrated, and flattering to any young mind (after, say, 13) in its presentation of work in progress. The mental appetite assumed in the series to which *The Boys' Book of Motors*, by K. B. Hopfinger, and *The Boys' Book of How Things Are Made*, by Leslie Hunter (Burke, 9s. 6d.) have been added is also high—the price astonishingly low.

FRANCIS WATSON

For Younger Children



Illustration by Peggy Fortnum from *More About Paddington*

MANY old favourites are back with fresh faces this year, *Black Beauty* and *Pinocchio* delighted us when we were young; now they appear in a gay edition to delight our children, with many bright pictures to catch the attention of those who are still too small to read the story for themselves. (Mayflower, 18s. 6d. each). E. H. Shepard, who stamped the impression of Pooh and his friends on the minds of a generation, has now produced some coloured plates for *The World of Christopher Robin* (Methuen, 21s.), to add to the line drawings which we already know. This book contains the complete poems of A. A. Milne's *When We Were Very Young* and *Now, We Are Six*. Kenneth Grahame's *Wind in the Willows* is uniform with this (also Methuen, also 21s.), while his *Reluctant Dragon* is brought out by Bodley Head with happy new drawings in black and white (7s. 6d.). Hans Andersen's *Fairy Tales* has been promoted to the World's Classics (O.U.P., 8s. 6d.), and the old Danish illustrations have been restored to circulation in honour of the event. And last there is Nan Goodall's *Donkey's Glory* (Mowbray's, 10s. 6d.). This gentle tale starts with a little grey donkey of Bethlehem, and ends at Jerusalem with a small white colt, the foal of an ass; it is not as old a favourite as the others, but it has made many friends in the fifteen years since it first appeared, and in this new library edition it may well make many more.

It is not any dearth of new books that has led to these revivals of the old. Fresh works for children are appearing all the time, and in the face of such abundance it is hard to sort them out. Where younger children are concerned it is the drawings that count for most, for children's eyes leap to the pictures long before they laboriously master the print. Many illustrations are in a childish style of drawing—vivid, vigorous and crude. In *Kasimir's Journey* by Marlene Reidel and Monroe Stearns (Abelard-Schuman, 10s. 6d.), the story is only a rough jingle but the pictures make a splendid splash. This is just the thing for kindergarten age. *Ethelbert and the Witch Doctor* by Rosemary Hoyland (Collins, 10s. 6d.) moves into the depths of the jungle, with explorers, elephants, and a hapless tiger with wings. Every picture tells a story, and those who cannot read will be able to pore over them for ages on their own. *The Happy Lion Roars* by Louise Fatio and Roger Duvoisin (Bodley Head, 8s. 6d.) is a brave mixture of red and black and tawny yellow. This tale of zoo and circus has been a great success at home.

Ambrose by Joan Balfour Payne (The World's Work, 10s. 6d.), *Pimpernel and the Poodle* by David Walker (Faber, 9s. 6d.), and *Wuffles Goes to Town* by Elizabeth and Gerald Rose (also Faber, 12s. 6d.), are all of them pleasant stories about sensible animals, about dogs or cats or both. Which you prefer will depend on your taste in art: Ambrose is bold and brown and well produced; Pimpernel is expressive in red and green; Wuffles is juvenile and bright.

As one moves up the scale to children who read well enough to merit a full-length book, there is still a high quota of animal tales, though human beings do share the scene from time to time, and even on occasion stand alone. Of the animal stories, pride of place must go to *More About Paddington* by Michael Bond (Collins, 8s. 6d.). Paddington is a friendly little bear who is adopted into a London family on strictly equal terms. The family is normal and nice; the little bear is endearing. There are three generations in our household, and we all fell for Paddington at once. Close second to this comes Ursula Moray Williams's *The Nine Lives of Island Mackenzie* (Chatto & Windus, 12s. 6d.). Here we have another attractive animal, this time a cat cast up on a desert island after shipwreck in the southern seas, coping with difficult human beings with a mixture of heroic good temper and practical common sense. Chekhov's *Kashtanka* (O.U.P., 10s. 6d.) is a somewhat shorter story of a stray dog who trains for a circus. It gives a good picture of Tsarist Russia, with a slightly melancholy note. *The Rescuers* by Margery Sharp (Collins, 8s. 6d.) is original and gay. It presents a band of resourceful mice, who take it upon themselves to arrange the escape of human prisoners from gaol.

One of the best of the human stories is *God and Mr. Sourpuss* by Aaron Judah (Faber, 10s. 6d.). This is fresh and arresting, with a high moral tone most agreeably put across. It starts with a nasty Mr. Sourpuss and a very sensible God; it ends in sweetness and light. *The Christmas Rocket* by Anne Molloy (Constable, 12s. 6d.) also wrests a happy ending from difficult conditions. It is set in the poverty of southern Italy, and follows the fortune of young Dino, the son of a village potter, as he tries to sell his wares. Then there are two mystery stories from the States. In *Magic or Not?* by Edward Eager (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.), the magic powers in question are doing nothing but good. In *Colin's Naughty Sister* by Mary Chase (Heinemann, 10s. 6d.), mysterious dreams and fantasies bring trouble in their wake. Parents would surely prefer their offspring to read the first, but the children themselves would probably relish the nasty spells at least as much as the mice. One last story, again from overseas, is *The Haunted Island* by Miep Diekmann (Methuen, 10s. 6d.). This is a tale of high adventure and human dilemma in tropical seas. It has been successful in Holland, and in this pleasant translation deserves to do well over here.

After almost a surfeit of stories it is good to discover a handful of works of non-fiction. There are two good books of jingles and rhymes. *Something Special* by Beatrice Schenk de Regaiers and Irene Haas (Collins, 8s. 6d.) has a gay and catchy vigour and a slightly American touch; *New Feathers for the Old Goose* by John Becker (Routledge & Kegan Paul, 12s. 6d.) has something of the same lilt and swing, and the colour of its drawings adds to its appeal.

JENNIFER BOURDILLON

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Art Asleep

THE HYPNOTIC subject was shown reproductions of four paintings—by Rembrandt, Constable, Van Gogh, and Picasso—and asked which she preferred of them. The Picasso. Oh, definitely! Why? Because she had been studying Picasso, the picture was a very interesting one, it posed a problem. The subject was then put into a deep trance, all memory of the previous questions and answers was erased from her mind, and she was told to open her eyes, still in trance, and choose again. And this time she chose the Constable! Why? Because she had been brought up in Essex, she loved that country, she had walked along that very path quite often. She was told to close her eyes again; the questions and answers were erased once more, and this time she was instructed that, on being awoken from the trance, she would find that she preferred the Van Gogh. And so it was. Why? Well, it's nice and bright, and it looks gay. I love French cafés. What about the Picasso? Well, of course, it's *interesting*, but I don't like it nearly as much as the Van Gogh. And the Constable? No, I don't like that: it's old-fashioned.

This fascinating experiment, which was conducted in 'Lifeline' (November 24), invites more varied speculation than this Hearth can well accommodate. The second part of it, the 'post-hypnotic suggestion', is comparatively familiar: out of trance, subjects will perform irrational acts suggested to them in trance, and, when quizzed, will provide of their own accord pseudo-rationalistic explanations and motivations. The first half, demonstrating that the unconscious makes different art-judgments from the conscious (and, if I may say so, sounder ones), was a novelty, to myself at any rate. The conscious and unconscious may apparently be in conflict over aesthetics and, though the former has the better arguments, the latter may have the better taste. It is, I suppose, another *malaise* of civilization. Keeping economically up with the Joneses leads to financial disquiet; but keeping intellectually up with the Joneses has even severer penalties. This lends support to the finding that the really creative person is usually he who has managed to keep open the routes of communication to his childish and adolescent

states. It also explains why the art-judgments of the great creators so often appear merely naïve to those who like to think of themselves as sophisticated.

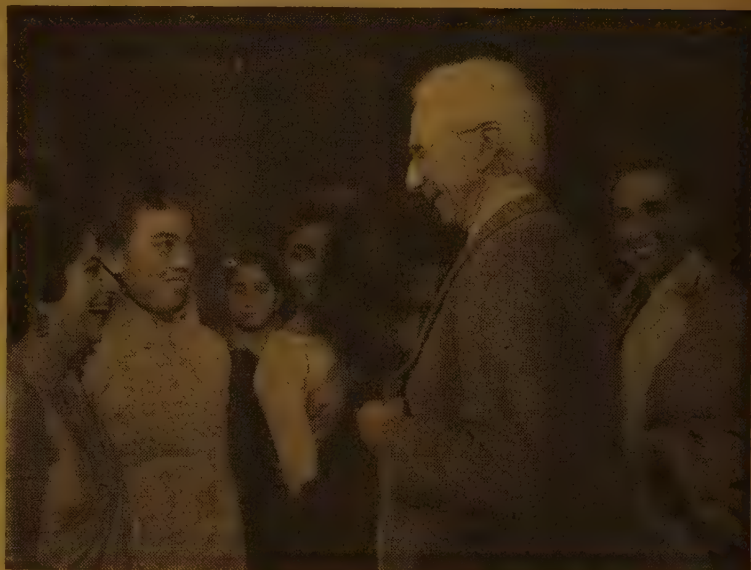
Does this experiment then debunk art-criticism generally, as the mere rationalization of irrational motives? Not at all. I much doubt if one would obtain similar results by hypnotising Sir Kenneth Clark. Indeed these specially chosen (and medically most valuable) 'deep-trance subjects' give a strong impression of holding no very firm opinions in the waking state either. My only



Sir Thomas Beecham in 'Monitor' on November 22, when he talked about Delius

criticism of this notably interesting programme was that the bearing of this experiment upon the matter in hand, 'The Subconscious Mind', was not made sufficiently explicit.

The regular programmes have been absolutely at the top of their form this week. Sunday, November 22, provided the best 'Monitor' for many a long day, with interviews with Sir Thomas Beecham and Jacques Lipchitz, and a marvellous sequence of 'home-made music' from the film *Come Back Africa*; and it is particularly important that 'Monitor' should always be good for, practically speaking, its forty-five minutes account for the whole Third Programme of the screen. Sir Thomas is perhaps the very, very best of all interviewees



Bertrand Russell, O.M., talking to some members of 'Asian Club' on November 27: on the right is Romila Thapar, the chairman

—indeed he needs no interviewing and the hastily interpolated *yeses* and *quites* of his interrogator were an unnecessary annoyance and distraction, as though someone were audibly tuning a drum in the middle of a violin cadenza. I was also charmed to notice curious resemblances between Sir Thomas's facial play and that of another great man and musician in another sphere, Louis Armstrong, glimpsed briefly in Robert Robinson's 'Picture Parade' (November 23).

'The Brains Trust' (November 26) too was certainly the best that I have seen since I took over this column. Composed of three high-ranking scientists (including Dr. Bronowski, for my money the man with the most beautiful debating manners in television) it demonstrated as clearly as can be that what a 'Brains Trust' needs is brains, not personality or position or whatever.

To ask Bertrand Russell to answer questions from the 'Asian Club' (Friday) was rather like commissioning a steam-hammer to crack an egg. I was amazed at his courage, though, in firmly assuring an audience of young persons on the threshold of life that he believed—to put it crudely—neither in marriage nor in Jesus nor in nationalism: whether this was the courage of wisdom or of fool-hardiness I am still inly debating.

This week I look-ed at 'Watch with Mother' on Wed-nes-day, Thurs-day and Fri-day. I saw 'The Flowerpot Men' and 'Rag, Tag, and Bobtail' and 'The Woo-dea-tops'. Some of it was love-ly but some of it was aw-ful-ly si-ssy. And why do the Woo-den-top Twins call their mu-mmy 'Mu-mmy Woo-den-top'? Why not just 'Mu-mmy'? That was si-lly. Meanwhile here is a lullaby for the television child:

Dear powers that be, send Hancock please
To weave this child dream-fantasies:
Send Bilko too, and Dobermann,
Lest he grow up a sober man:
But kindly put a Blyton Eamonn
And every other sort of demon!

HILARY CORKE



'The Flowerpot Men', with their friend Little Weed, in 'Watch With Mother' on November 25

DRAMA

Expressive Range

WELL-DESERVED PRAISE has already been heaped on Peter Dews for his production of J. L. Hodson's *The Case of Private Hamp* from the Midland studio (November 24), but several things remain to be said about it. In the general excitement the play itself has been rather overlooked, and it would be a pity if its success did nothing to rescue the author from the reputation of having been a dour provincial novelist at a time before provincial writers came into fashion. It is only three years since Mr. Hodson wrote the play (basing it on an episode in his novel, *Return to the Wood*), but its evocation of life in the front line of the 1914-1918 war has the stark immediacy of the Sassoon generation's writing. Mr. Hodson, however, is not getting at the top brass; nor is he concerned, like R. C. Sherriff in *Journey's End*, to show the ability of public school men to respond heroically to desperate circumstances. His enemy is war itself—an obscene, inhuman engine, infecting some men with murderous arrogance, stripping others of their self-respect, and adding to its legitimate victims by erecting a perverse justice that leads an army to destroy its own members.

According to that code Private Hamp has no defence whatever; he has simply pulled himself out of a shell hole and walked away from the war. The fact that he has spent two years at the front does not count; nor does the fact of his nervous collapse. Mr. Hodson himself places no special emphasis on these circumstances. He presents Hamp simply as a dull Lancashire boy who has passed the limits of endurance, and is too feeble-witted and mentally unhinged even to lie in his own defence. He has a powerful advocate and a sympathetic court, but there is no stopping the war machine's implacable course. Pumped full of morphine and tied to a chair in the pouring rain, Hamp is put before a firing squad never having realized what was going on.

There was one moment in Terry Scully's performance when he seemed on the brink of realization. Slumped over a table on the night before the execution, an interminable Bible reading droning over his head, he suddenly jerked up, his features convulsively struggling towards articulate statement. But the only words that he forced out were: 'Can I have some more rum?'—a marvellously placed line, reflecting equally on his hopeless confusion and on the comforts of army religion.

The set pieces of Mr. Dews's production will enjoy a long life in the memory of those concerned with developing television's expressive range. The most spectacular was the execution—a couple of drowned faceless soldiers lugging the drugged body, its head grotesquely swathed in a sugar bag, into position and pinning a paper aiming point over the heart. But the matter-of-fact horror of this scene was typical of the interpretation as a whole: Mr. Dews might have modelled it on Auden's 'Musée des Beaux Arts'. One was never allowed to forget that Hamp's fate was a minor episode in relation to the war and to the normal life still carrying on in the midst of it. Interrogation took place in a farmyard with chickens squawking almost as loudly as the voices; the guns

of Passchendaele could be heard as a background to the trial. And behind Hamp's defending officer (a beautiful performance by Noel Johnson), and the stamping graceless N.C.O.s there hung unnoticed on the wall a delicately framed Fragonard.

With Chloe Gibson's production of Robert Cotton's *No Friendly Star*, television returned to its enclosed world. But there was no question of any greater or less 'reality'; instead of the bold outlines of a social mural, there appeared the microscopically detailed features of a small group of characters. Mr. Cotton wrote this, his first play, after seeing David Kossoff in Wolf Mankowitz's *The Bespoke Overcoat*, and one could describe it as a continuation from where Mankowitz leaves off. It contains that author's two favourite components—a society in which 'nothing is for nothing', and a trusting hero continually exploited by the sharks—but it firmly eschews the sentimentality and facile toughness usually engendered by that prescription.

Wally Grubb, aged fifty-six, has come to Bermondsey to escape from his former life. Determined to play the sucker no more he sets up a coffee stall, and vigorously repulses the attempts of the proprietor of a neighbouring fish-bar to oust him from the site. But it is clear that he is still the same old Wally, for he engages a pitifully crippled boy to help at the stall; and he offers ready aid to a husband and wife—one to save the marriage, the other to break it. Mr. Cotton thus reveals that his hero's warmth of heart is partly a matter of weakness. And his other characters display the same contradictory blend of attractive and repellent traits which, however common in human beings, tend to be shunned as inconvenient by dramatists.

The action is slender, but it enables characters to be shown in the round. They are well worth exhibiting: Mac, a volcanic Glaswegian accordion-player; the café-owner's gin-sodden mother, terrified of being abandoned by her son; the married woman who leaves her dull husband



Terry Scully (left) as Private Hamp and Noel Johnson as Lieutenant Hargreaves in *The Case of Private Hamp*

for him. They are presented partly as starved creatures fighting over a scrap of food, and partly as appealing individuals made cruel only by circumstance. In the end Mr. Cotton gives love the victory over economics, and, after the affecting performances of David Kossoff, Fulton Mackay, and Melvyn Hayes, I was in no mood to quarrel with this conclusion.

IRVING WARDLE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Hearing them Think

THE SUCCESS OF A PLAY on radio largely depends on the degree to which the actors have thought themselves into their parts. If the play is a comedy the listener must be made to feel that the actors are really enjoying themselves. If the comedy is not of our time the task of transmitting the sense of being amused is harder and it becomes very difficult to avoid serving up the works of Shakespeare, for example, without belly laughs and forced funny business.

Mr. Raymond Raikes knows all this and achieved yet one more success with his production of Ben Jonson's *Epicoene* (Third, November 25). His cast did not merely try to make the play sound amusing; they sounded as if they really thought it amusing. And it was, of course, very amusing. Jonson's satiric eye focuses in this play on the hardened bachelor caught in the gentlest of traps. The focus is wide enough, however, to take in the follies of the law, the manners of the newly rich, and the heroic and healthy bawdiness of his time. The play is not as well known as some of his other works and I suspect that this is due to the fact that we are more puritanical than we think and that we crave a clearer didacticism. *Epicoene* is, in fact, no less didactic for seeming to be a mad romp. If it were handled on the stage with the enthusiasm of John Westbrook (Ned Clerimont), Marius Goring (Truewit), Gabriel Woolf (Sir Dauphine Eugenie), Ronald Baddiley (Sir Amorous) and Laidman Browne



A scene from *No Friendly Star* on November 29, with (left to right) Lana Morris as Gladys Parver, Glyn Houston as Bert Slaney, Olga Lindo as his mother, and David Kossoff as Wally Grubb

(Morose) there might be less talk about the impossibility of presenting period comedy.

Miss Audrey Cameron faced similar problems when she produced Dorothy Tutin and John Westbrook in A. A. Milne's acting version of Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice* (Home, November 23). Like Mr. Raikes, she had to make the original come alive without making it sound forced and unnatural. Part of her work was done for her by A. A. Milne, whose acting version was preferred to one of those tedious direct adaptations. Worshippers of the immortal Jane were no doubt shocked to hear the leisurely pace of her prose broken into fresh dialogue, and scandalized by Milne's interpolated scenes. Miss Tutin, who chose to play Miss Bennet, knows how to pick dramatic winners, however. Though there was a literary loss in this rendering there were dramatic gains and Jane Austen's intentions came across. The priggishness of Darcy was pared away and he emerged as a wittier, almost Wildean, figure. His exchanges with Miss Bennet had a dramatic tempo about them which has always been lacking in previous radio adaptations of the novel. Miss Tutin's Miss Bennet had the necessary grace, but she also had a rather waspish wit. Those who would quarrel with this interpretation of the novel should realize that the dramatic form demands *précis*. A reading of the novel from beginning to end might please them better, but I fancy that a reading would do less justice to Jane Austen than Milne's adaptation. The adaptation was polished for radio by Miss Cynthia Pughe, and it should become a favourite in the repertory.

Bryan Izzard's production of Anatole France's *The Comedy of the Man Who Married a Dumb Wife* (Home, November 25) seemed to have been enjoyed by everyone who took part. Here again a producer had communicated his enthusiasm to the actors so that one could hear them thinking enjoyment. Adapted by Ashley Dukes, the play had a Roman pedigree and came out of a stable adjoining Jonson's *Epicoene*. Monsieur Botal (John Merivale) has married a dumb wife and considers her silence makes his marriage ideal. But the silence begins to drive him crazy and he pleads with friends and doctors to make her talk. When she finds her tongue she never stops using it and he is soon crying out for mercy, divorce, and deafness. His doctor friends supply him with deafness, but his wife's fury at being deprived of a listener promotes hysteria, and in a flash their speech is converted into the barking of dogs. The play ends with them barking. Here was a play which depended entirely for its dramatic success upon speech heard and not heard. Mr. Izzard started slowly, allowing the listener time to grasp the essentials of the plot. As the conflict developed he increased the pace and not one of the cast failed him.

Walter Harris's *The Shirt Revolution* was a slighter piece about revolution in a Peter Sellers republic. Once again there was tremendous pace and enthusiasm. Mr. Izzard used the device of allowing the actors to read the credit titles. Though this sometimes seems arch, it maintained on this occasion the taste of intimate amusement. If 'Wednesday Matinée' is intended for lone listeners it should be placed in Mr. Izzard's hands rather frequently.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD

A Farmer—and Some Lost Sheep

NO SERIES NOW RUNNING in sound radio is quite such an open bet as 'People Today'. If the quality of the result is unpredictable, I suppose it is largely because the idea behind the series has no particular edge or limit to its scope. The

search, in general, seems to be for outlying types, and the temptation is to make too much of them, when found, as rugged individualists or picturesque non-conformities. The subject is apt to be dwarfed by the tailoring. But when a programme does succeed, as it certainly did last week (Home, November 26), the effect is so natural, it defies any attempt to write it up.

The subject this time, a farmer from the Staffordshire hills, though still in his forties, seemed to take us back to Hardy, with his memories of hiring-fairs, and life as a farm-hand on £10 a year, all found. But there he was, very much in the present, having slowly and cheerfully gravitated to the place he was born for: a 'great one for a book on winter nights', and with a daily eye for the 'lovely country' he works in.

What sharpened the effect was the edge of isolation and risk: 'a woman and child was cast away in these 'ills only a winter or two since'. There was a clear image of Mrs. Egerton standing in the lamplit doorway, not worried exactly, but waiting, just waiting for her husband to come trudging back through the incalculable snowdrifts of 1947. In a piece like this, treatment can be as vital as subject; and a great deal was due to the interviewing and production, carried out with all possible tact and friendliness by Phil Drabble and Paul Humphreys.

Such a programme can be a cure for that collective view of the contemporary world which so often kills the imagination. But how to treat a collective problem with humanity and vividness was demonstrated, with surprising ease, the same evening when 'Matters of Moment' gave us a panorama of the effects of the Street Offences Act, now just three months old, on the streets not only of Bayswater and Stepney, but of Southampton, Glasgow, Manchester, and elsewhere. The immediate result: a clean sweep. The streets are tidy. And where have the girls gone? Out of the reach of social aid, said one voice: a few into jobs; some into hired cars. Some, as 'models', put telephone numbers in convenient little shop windows. And from just such shops, London's total supply of pea-shooters has been bought up. Instead of 'hello' from the darkish doorway, a dried pea shot through the slit of an opened window... One awaits the indignant letters to *The Times*. And where have we heard of this device before? Tales of Old Japan? The Arabian Nights? Certainly there's nothing old but you can make it new, to quote Ezra Pound...

We were given all sorts of voices here, including the ladies themselves, who were too shy to turn in any personal contribution to the Wolfenden Report. And simmering with indignation they mostly were: 'I think I'm doing a lot of good!' and 'It takes twelve hours now to earn what I used to get in four...'. There were police, magistrates, social workers, and an obliging cabbie: 'After all, I'm a servant of the public'. And the streets that were 'clean' for two months are beginning to be slightly less so. That seemed to be the upshot of a programme which refused to pronounce, but gave a clear view of its subject from every angle. In thirty minutes there must have been more than that number of voices, and none was wasted. Introduced by C. R. Hewitt and produced by Francis Dillon, this was a shining example of radio reportage at its swiftest and best.

After the Street Muse, 'The Poet's Voice' (November 24, Third). I may have complained before of a certain effect, in this series, of new poetry being severely decanted into a sort of clinical void. But George MacBeth, who selected and presented this particular anthology, contrived to air his choice with comment just enough to break the gap, and make a live connexion between poet and audience. The poems

bore the mark of one particular taste. Personal and anecdotal, they all seemed to versify what might have been a sequence of story or argument in prose. Poetry has a dialectic of its own, which was largely in abeyance here. But these poems, if they took few risks, held the attention nearly all the way.

DAVID PAUL

MUSIC

A Tragic Opera

THE RELAY of Janáček's opera *Katya Kabanova* from Sadler's Wells on Tuesday of last week (Third Programme) was technically successful, emotionally moving and, for a listener who had seen the work and could recall something of the stage picture, it provided an unusually rewarding evening. The performance seemed to me excellent in nearly every aspect, both vocal and instrumental. Charles Mackerras is an avowed admirer of the work and conducts it *con amore*. He communicated his feeling for the greatness of Janáček's opera not, perhaps, to me because I was already of that mind and did not need urging, but to his players and singers, and it is, I feel sure, to him and to Dennis Arundell who produced the work that I ought most to be grateful for the exhilaration I felt. The name part was vividly proclaimed by Marie Collier. From the outset she commanded attention and her tragic end was, in her voice alone, as impressive as though one had been in the theatre with her. Monica Sinclair, as the poisonous stepmother, a simpler type to portray, made that unlikely character sufficiently clear as a foil to Katya whose every card she held and played unerringly. William McAlpine managed to give the right idea of young Boris, that helplessly willing weakling, and at the same time to sing his music firmly and attractively; a difficult task that he compassed ably.

Last Thursday's Third Programme recital by the Fine Arts Quartet, who gave the impression of knowing absolutely what they were about, presented two string quartets, the American composer Elliott Carter's first (dated 1951) and Bartók's third (1927). The former began at 8.20 and ended round about 9.5; the second began within two minutes of that and ended a little after 9.20, and into that relatively short space it crowded tense ideas which were dealt with in masterly concentration. The Carter quartet, on the other hand, was luxuriously expansive, and I mention timings here because this American work comes from a country where, as in our country, time is money, but where, by contrast, there is lots of cash and tons of time. A blissful state; yet it worked, I thought, against Mr. Carter's quartet, which in each of the three movements might well have stopped before it did, since the music had already said its say. I am ready to own that the fault lay with me, that I should not have lost the thread and so missed the final tying of the knot. I can do no more than await another performance and perhaps get hold of a score and study the work. There was logical consecution at the beginning of the first movement, some fine, quiet passages in the early stages of the second, and not very far on in the third movement there was an infectious energy.

Edmund Rubbra's sonata for 'cello (William Pleeth) and piano (the composer) was well worth waiting up for until 11.0 on the night of November 24 (Third Programme). It was, needless to say, very finely played and even a tired mind was spurred to keen attention by such vital music. This is a work that is remarkable in many ways, one of them the use of the upper register of the 'cello in the first and last movements so that it never sounded, as is generally

the case, like a soul in pain but had the ease and muscular strength of a young voice moving in its natural surroundings.

The second of three programmes of French Song (November 23, Third Programme) sung by Alain Sandri with Hélène Gribenski accompanying, began with two surprisingly delicate things by Gounod and went on to one of Ravel's most impassioned songs, the setting of Henri de Régnier's *Les grands vents venus d'outre-mer*. It is, as his songs go, big and expansive. This performance did it scant justice. M. Sandri's eminently pleasing baritone is too light for it,

better suited to the three songs by Auric and another three by Jolivet, all of which he performed charmingly, as also he did Ravel's exquisite *Ronsard à son âme*. There were three notable songs by Roussel as well; a most interesting recital.

With French music in mind, I find myself wondering whether the time may perhaps be approaching for looking at Chaminade again. She had a minute talent but her gifts were considerable and she used her little talent beautifully, sometimes surprisingly. What brought her to mind was an eloquent performance

(November 26, Home Service) by William Bartlett of Chaminade's flute concertino, a charming, tuneful work, the kind of piece (Vinteuil vintage) the Duchesse de Guermantes might have enjoyed.

Chaminade, exact contemporary of Ethel Smyth, was the most polished female composer of her time and that seems to have told against her in these days. But this short concertino, perfectly written for the flute, left an impression of something more than mere surface charm.

SCOTT GODDARD

Ivor Gurney, 1890-1937: Composer and Poet

By KATHLEEN DALE

Newly published songs by Gurney will be sung in the Third Programme at 10.30 p.m. on Tuesday, December 8



IF EVER a composer or poet owed the survival of his entire output to the faithfulness of his friends in caring for his manuscripts, it is Ivor Gurney, one of the most gifted and prolific English song-writers of modern times, a poet of considerable achievement, a genius so completely absorbed in his creative energies as to be incapable of grappling with the practical tasks connected with the publishing of his works. Gurney lived in a world of his own far removed from reality; his active career was tragically short; he spent the last fifteen years of his life in a mental hospital suffering from delusional insanity and tuberculosis—the final outcome of his service as a private soldier in France during the 1914-18 war, when he was wounded, gassed, and shell-shocked in the battle of the Somme.

Had it not been for the devotion of the most loyal and constant of his benefactors, the music critic Marion M. Scott, none of his musical compositions or poems might ever have appeared in print. She first knew Gurney when he went to the Royal College of Music with a composition scholarship at the age of twenty-one and became a pupil of Stanford's. She quickly perceived that he was temperamentally unfitted to earn a livelihood or to make headway as a composer without a helping hand. So strongly convinced was she of the rare quality of his gifts that she took upon herself to ensure his well-being, material and spiritual, throughout his life. She collected his manuscripts, helped him to secure performances of his compositions, and undertook all the arrangements for the publication during his lifetime of about thirty songs for voice and piano, the two Housman song-cycles with string quartet and piano, a few little instrumental pieces and his two books of war poetry. She was responsible, too, for preparing for press the first three books of Gurney's songs which were planned for publication by the Oxford University Press just before Gurney died and which have appeared at intervals since 1938.

Among the other musician friends of Gurney's who took part in selecting (from nearly 200 songs in manuscript) and editing this total collection of forty songs were Professor Herbert Howells, his former fellow-student at the R.C.M., Ralph Vaughan Williams, with whom he had studied, and Gerald Finzi, who, although he never knew Gurney personally, loved his music and was active in making it known. (It was he who originated the idea of the symposium of articles on Gurney as man, poet and musician, printed in *Music and*

Letters, January 1938.) At Marion Scott's death in 1953 he became the custodian of Gurney's manuscripts. After his own death in 1956 the task of editing the recently issued Fourth Book devolved upon Mr. Howard Ferguson. A volume of Gurney's later poems was published with a memoir by his friend Mr. Edmund Blunden five years ago.

Gurney, who was born in Gloucester in 1890, brought to his song-writing the experience of having been a cathedral chorister and solo boy and an organist; of having spent much of his boyhood in the open, sailing his own boat and exploring his beloved Gloucestershire; and of being a great reader of poetry. His setting of texts is exemplary. The vocal line faithfully follows the natural flow of the words and is amenable to every subtlety of varying stresses. The accompaniments at their best are musically integral to the songs and decisive for the atmosphere, but from the purely pianistic aspect often tend to be uninteresting or over-elaborated. Seldom did he write piano parts so delicately apt to the words as those of *Spring* and *Loveliest of Trees*. Melodic invention was Gurney's strong point. In types of composition which gave him no opportunity for exercising this skill he was ill at ease. His *Five Western Watercolours* for piano utterly lack character despite their superficial charm, whereas the graceful, ear-haunting violin solo *The Apple Orchard* carries complete conviction. He could never come to terms with the writing of abstract instrumental music. His many compositions of this kind have remained in manuscript.

At the Royal College of Music, Gurney was nicknamed 'Schubert' on account of certain similarities in his features and in the look of his manuscripts. Like Schubert, he was a spontaneous, intuitive composer, who could write his songs wherever he happened to be at the moment of inspiration, whether on a Cornish headland, in the trenches, at his lodgings in Fulham, or tramping across the Cotswolds; and again, like Schubert, he could seize the spirit of a poem and clothe it in music that perfectly re-creates the atmosphere of the original. In the choice of poets for his songs he was far more discriminating than Schubert; J. C. Squire wrote of him, 'He has never set bad words'. He was equally happy in setting lyrics by the Elizabethans, traditional ballads, carols, or the verse of his contemporaries—Yeats, Bridges, Belloc, Masfield, Walter de la Mare, and many others. Only one of his published songs is a setting of his own words; the exquisitely nostalgic *Severn Meadows*, a masterpiece of restrained emotion.

Some of the many contrasting expressive styles of the songs are exemplified in the grim ballads *Edward* and *The Twa Corbies* and the dramatic *Cathleen ni Houlihan* (Yeats); the rousing *Captain Stratton's Fancy* and *West Sussex Drinking-Song*; the wryly humorous *Star Talk*, the contemplative *The Scribe*; the 'atmospheric' *Snow*; the quasi-recitative *The Folly of Being Comforted*, in which vocal phrases alternate with interludes for piano; and the intimately lyrical, the wistful and the whimsical songs by which Gurney is best known: the five Elizabethan lyrics; *Down by the Salley Gardens* and *Desire in Spring*, which represent him at his most typical.

He was possibly most successful in writing strophic songs. In these, the verses are rarely exactly alike, vocally or in the accompaniment. Often, a second or third verse glides into a key a semitone higher or lower and the return to the original key takes place only at the last moment—or perhaps not at all, as in *Bread and Cherries*, which begins in G and ends in E. In many songs the tonality fluctuates persistently and seems to belie the key-signature. Modal tendencies distinguish *Carol of the Skiddaw Yowes*—in the Aeolian mode throughout—and *Hawk and Buckle*, which resembles a folksong with its plain harmonies and flattened seventh. The many flattened sevenths in *Desire in Spring* and *Blawearie* lend the songs an enchantingly archaic flavour. Pungent chromaticisms take their place when an intensification of expression is required: for instance, at the heartbroken sighs in *The Folly of Being Comforted*.

In the ten new songs of Book Four some familiar Gurney 'fingerprints' may be observed: the melodic line descending by intervals of thirds in *Brown is my Love*, expressive melismata in *Most Holy Night*, and meditative postludes for piano in *Even such is Time* and *In Flanders*, the latter distinguished by swaying tonality. These two songs, both quasi-recitative in type, were composed in France in 1917. The five imaginatively conceived short lyrics, *Brown is my Love*, *To Violets*, *Most Holy Night*, *A Piper*, and *Cradle Song*, all dated 1920, are drawn from Gurney's best and most prolific period. The strenuous *Love Shakes my Soul*, one of *Two Sappho Songs*, has a firmer sense of direction than its diffuse, improvisatory partner in Book Three; *On the Downs* (1919) is darkly mysterious. The *Fiddler of Dooney* (1917) stands apart as one of the composer's most exuberant and rhythmically compelling productions—and yet it has had to wait forty-two years for its release from the obscurity of manuscript.

A Dinner for December

By MARGARET RYAN



A two-course dinner for four people costing approximately £1, using ingredients now in the shops.

A SIMPLE MEAL with luxurious trimmings, refreshingly different from Christmas fare, is spiced mutton with boiled rice and guava jelly, followed by creole bananas. It can be prepared beforehand, and will wait indefinitely for late-comers.

| Butcher | | s. | d. |
|--|--|----|-----|
| 1½ lb. of lean mutton from leg or loin | | 6 | 0 |
| Grocer | | | |
| 3 oz. of demerara sugar | | | 2 |
| 1 oz. of desiccated coconut | | | 1½ |
| 1 lb. of Patna rice | | 1 | 3 |
| 1 jar of guava jelly | | 3 | 0 |
| 2 oz. of margarine | | | 3 |
| 1 dessertspoon of flour, 1 tablespoon of root ginger (grated), 1 teaspoon of coriander seed (crushed), 1 teaspoon of black pepper, ½ teaspoon of ground cloves, 1 teaspoon of turmeric, say | | | 6 |
| Greengrocer | | | |
| 1 lemon | | | 4 |
| 8 bananas | | 2 | 8 |
| ½ lb. of onions | | | 1½ |
| Dairy | | | |
| Cream | | 2 | 0 |
| Wine Merchant | | | |
| 1 miniature bottle of rum | | 3 | 9 |
| | | £1 | 0 2 |

Turmeric and coriander seed can be bought in most large grocers or delicatessen shops, but if unobtainable you can substitute curry powder.

Spiced mutton: Cover the desiccated coconut with a teacup of boiling water and leave 1 hour before straining for use. Cut up the raw mutton into 2-inch squares. Grate the root ginger over it.

Melt the margarine in a pan, add chopped onion and simmer for 5 minutes. Add coriander, pepper, cloves, and turmeric, together with flour. Cook again for 5 minutes. Add ½ pint of hot water, and simmer for 5 minutes. Pour this mixture over the uncooked mutton and leave for half an hour. Return all to pan and simmer for 40 minutes with the lid on. Then add the juice of half a lemon and 1 dessertspoon of the water strained from the coconut. Cook again for 5 minutes. This can now be left and re-heated if necessary. If the sauce should become diluted during cooking with the lid on, simmer gently with the lid off until it is the consistency of cream. Serve with boiled rice and guava jelly.

Creole bananas: peel 8 bananas, cut in halves through the centre lengthwise, and put in a fire-proof dish. Sprinkle with 3 tablespoons of

demerara sugar, the juice of half a lemon, and 3 tablespoons of water. Bake in a slow oven for about 40 minutes. After 20 minutes add the contents of a miniature bottle of rum and baste with the liquid during the remaining 20 minutes. Serve with whipped cream flavoured with a little very finely grated lemon rind.

The Good Housekeeping Family Centre has compiled an up-to-date and comprehensive guide, *Mothercraft* (The National Magazine Company Ltd., 45s.), which parents will want to keep on their bookshelves not only for reference but also for pleasurable reading. From preparations for the first baby up to adolescence, this book contains information on every aspect of family life, including dressmaking, recipes, choosing a school, holidays, careers, and a particularly lucid section on home nursing and first aid.

Notes on Contributors

BEN ROBERTS (page 959): Reader in Industrial Relations, London School of Economics; author of *Trade Union Government and Administration in Great Britain*, *The Trade Union Congress 1868-1921*, *National Wages Policy in War and Peace*.
J. M. RICHARDS (page 961): Hoffman Wood Professor of Architecture, Leeds University, since 1957; joint editor of the *Architectural Review* since 1946; author of *The Functional Tradition in Early Industrial Buildings*, etc.

REYNER BANHAM (page 974): Lecturer in the History of Art, London University; assistant executive editor of the *Architectural Review*.

A. C. CROMBIE (page 977): Lecturer in the History of Science, Oxford University; author of *Augustine to Galileo*.

REV. CECIL NORTHCOTT (page 983): Editorial Secretary, United Society for Christian Literature; Editor, Lutterworth Press, since 1952; author of *Religious Liberty, Ventures of Faith, Voice Out of Africa*, etc.

JOHN WYNNDHAM (page 999): author of *The Kraken Wakes*, *The Day of the Triffids*, *The Chrysalids*, *The Midwich Cuckoos*, etc.

KATHLEEN DALE (page 1013): musicologist and composer; author of essays on piano music in *Schubert: a Symposium* and *Grieg: a Symposium*.

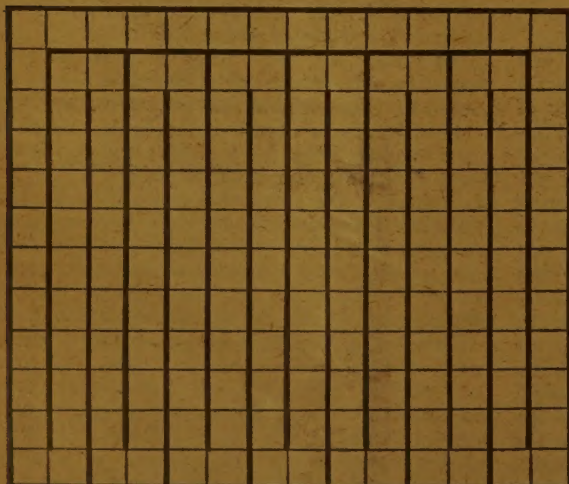
Crossword No. 1,540.

Chain Letters.

By Jac

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, December 10. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.



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ADDRESS.....

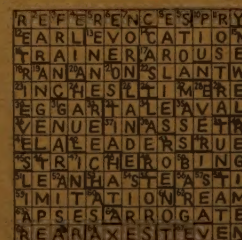
An endless chain of words of equal length is to be inserted in the diagram, starting in the top left-hand square and proceeding initially in a clockwise direction; each word 'shares' an equal number of letters with its immediate neighbours, and no 'shared' group of letters is duplicated. The words comprising the chain may be obtained from the clues given below; each clue is in its correct sequence but, except where it is marked with an asterisk, relates only to the group of 'unshared' letters (themselves forming a word) in the word in question. The 'shared' letters of all but the words which answer the asterisked clues may be checked against the following: PEN A GAY CHEERY CHAIN LETTER? O, YES, LET'S! ONCE.

CLUES

- *(a) I'd spilt blood before morning, it's self-evident
- (b) He might have had it to pay as the price of murder in Old Ireland
- (c) With this U.N.O. would be nothing but substantive
- (d) Government from which one expects nothing crooked
- (e) One bird in three
- (f) Take in a little cake for Brook
- *(g) That of a weak Scots referee could produce an appropriately puer game
- (h) They are invariably composed in the utmost modesty
- *(i) It may be nice holding (o) for a change, though rather yellow

- (j) Write a letter and shut up!
- (k) This letter's out of order, thanks be!
- (l) An aid to carpentry is nothing without one
- (m) There's no German here (rev)
- (n) Many beat vice
- (o) Bore it back to soldiers
- (p) One game derived from another on the billiard-table
- (q) The odd sort was formerly roast
- (r) It would be a brave man who gives her a ring
- *(s) A soldier at sea is holding a penny for some pickle
- (t) Knocks back quite a large dollop
- (u) It's a turn-up for the toper
- (v) Cunning curve
- (w) Inverse interval in issue
- (x) A demand for Spenser's cap
- (y) Was classically able to turn into a weed
- (z) Rake off? When I've gone it's all gone!
- *(aa) Employ to capacity—and how!
- *(bb) Homily briefly paid, perhaps, pertaining to the poet's Adam's ale?

Solution of No. 1,538



1st prize: N. I. White (Worcester Park); 2nd prize: M. Wishart (Whitley Bay); 3rd prize: R. S. Caffyn (Cheltenham)

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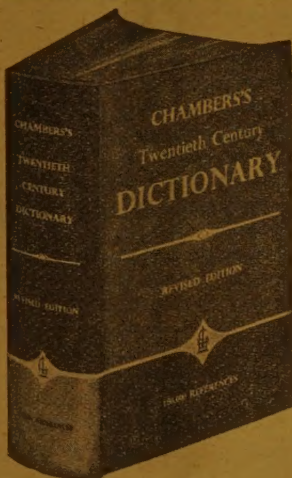
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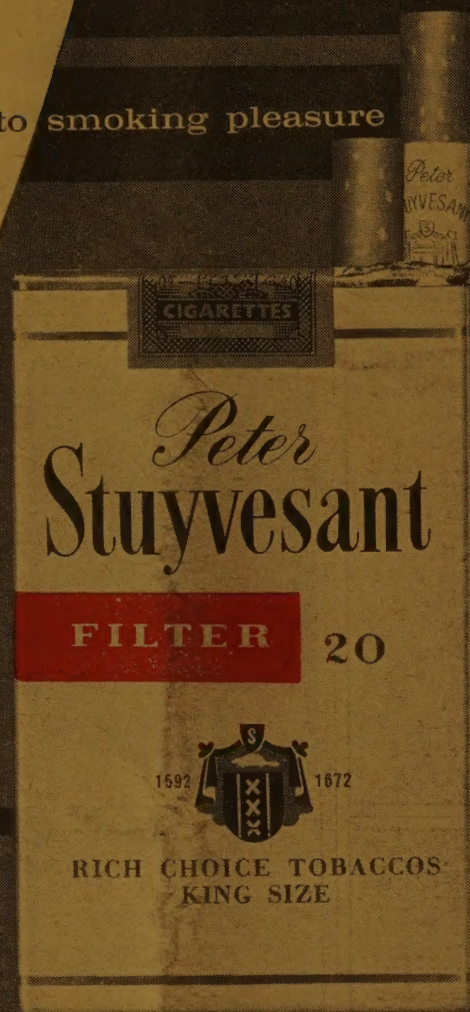
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